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ABSTRACT

The book is Katherine Peter's own account, in her native Gwich'in Athabaskan language, of life in 1936-47 in Arctic Village, Alaska. An introductory section offers background information on the author's life and the origins of this work. The text that follows is in Gwich'in Athabaskan on the left page, and in English on the right page. It tells of the author's life as a young married woman in the isolated village, living off the land. Photographs and a map are included. Place names and personal names are also indexed. (MSE)

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ED 395 479

NEETS'AII GWIINDAII

LIVING IN THE CHANDALAR COUNTRY

Katherine Peter

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Neets'a̱ii Gwiindaii
Living in the Chandalar Country

by

Katherine Peter

Katherine Peter in 1990

Neets'ąjj Gwiindaii
Living in the Chandalar Country

by
Katherine Peter

retranslated by Adeline Raboff

Alaska Native Language Center
University of Alaska Fairbanks
1992

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2) Chief Esias and Katherine Loola, Fort Yukon, date unknown. Photo courtesy of Katherine Peter.
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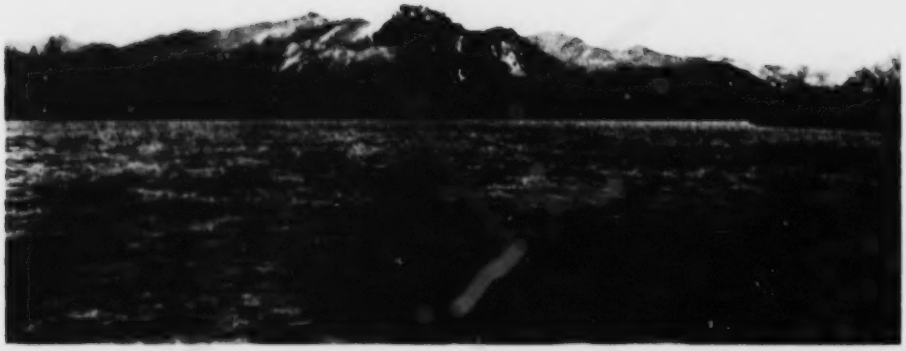
Dedication

To the people who contributed to my knowledge of the Gwich'in language:
Rev. David Wallis, interpreter.
Esias Loola and Katherine Loola, who raised me.
Rev. Albert Tritt, a self-taught person who has knowledge of the Holy Bible in (*Takudh*) *Dagǫǫ*.
Rev. David Salmon, a student of Rev. Albert Tritt.



East Fork Chandalar River above Arctic Village, looking upriver. Photo courtesy of Katherine Peter.

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INTRODUCTION

This book is a remarkable chapter in the life of a remarkable Alaskan woman. It is Katherine Peter's own account in her native Gwich'in Athabaskan language of her life during the period 1936-1947, as a young woman just married. She was born Katherine Joseph in Stevens Village on the Yukon in 1918. Her parents died when she was quite young; in 1925 she was adopted by a leading family in Fort Yukon, that of Chief Esias Loola. She had come to the Loola household speaking Koyukon Athabaskan, but at Fort Yukon she quickly learned Gwich'in, which fully replaced Koyukon as her first language.

Roman Catholic and Anglican missionaries came to the Gwich'in area in the 1860s, and by the 1870s they were already very active in writing and publishing religious materials in the Gwich'in language. The Anglican Archdeacon Robert McDonald established a religious literature in a writing system based on a form of Gwich'in that became the literary dialect called Dagǫǫ (Takudh). About fifty printings were published in that dialect of Gwich'in, including the entire Bible (1898), six printings of the Book of Common Prayer (1873-1957), and about a dozen printings of the Hymnal (1881-1984). These works formed the base of a literacy tradition that became by far the strongest of any Alaskan Indian language.

At the very beginning of this tradition, McDonald's journal already mentions William Loola (1854-1918) as a "Christian leader of the Black River Indians" in 1869, and mentions teaching him to read Dagǫǫ in 1871. Chief Esias

Loola of Fort Yukon (died 1955) was William Loola's son and Katherine Peter's adoptive father. Katherine remembers her adoptive mother Katherine Loola (died 1945) as a very devout woman who read the Dagǫǫ Bible and Prayer Book and sang from the Hymnal for her every Sunday, even out in camp. Katherine Loola's brother was David Wallis (1873-1942), church interpreter and Sunday-school teacher at Fort Yukon, who had learned the tradition at Rampart House. In David Wallis's Sunday-school classes, Katherine Peter became further steeped in the Dagǫǫ tradition. Growing up in that family at Fort Yukon, young Katherine was thus raised and educated in a very strong and rich Gwich'in cultural life. At the same time, she attended "on and off" (with plenty of time off for extended periods of traditional pursuits) the one-room Bureau of Indian Affairs school at Fort Yukon, where she also learned English language and literacy, at her own pace – surely a good one. Her love of learning, in either language, has never stopped.

In 1936 Katherine married Steven Peter and moved to Arctic Village, beginning the period of her life this book is about, of a woman well educated in both languages and cultures, living now still more of the time rather traditionally off the land. However, already in 1942 she had her first stint as a schoolteacher, drafted at Arctic Village as the only available person literate in English. In Fort Yukon in 1956 and 1957 she taught school again, and in 1960 she resettled there to raise and educate her children.

In the late 1960s at Fort Yukon she first became associated as a Bible translator with Richard Mueller of the Summer Institute of Linguistics and Wycliffe Bible Translators. In 1970 she moved to Fairbanks, just at the beginning of the movement that brought bilingual education or the use of Alaska Native languages into the schools by State legislation in 1972. The same legislation in that same year established the Alaska Native Language Center at the University of

Alaska Fairbanks. On a visit to Fort Yukon in 1972 Katherine saw some of the first new Gwich'in language schoolbooks printed in Mueller's practical modern orthography in the daily language, and was immediately struck by how much easier it was to learn. She decided to pay a visit to the Center to learn that, which she did. It was my privilege to teach her how the system worked, and she mastered it in a matter of days. For the next seven years, 1973 to 1980, she worked with us here as a University faculty member at the Alaska Native Language Program, teaching the Gwich'in language now at the university level, the first time that language was ever taught at a university. This she did at first with some help and on-the-job training from Nancy McRoy, at first-year level and later also at second. At the same time, during her career here at the Alaska Native Language Center, Katherine Peter transcribed and composed what is by far the largest and most important body of Gwich'in writing in this century, a whole shelf full of materials in Gwich'in. The more than one hundred works include many published schoolbooks, a school dictionary, volumes of stories, narratives, and legends, editions of the texts told to Edward Sapir in 1923 by John Fredson, *Dinjii Zhuu Gwandak*, and many files of equally valuable unpublished materials, including linguistic studies and text transcriptions from about twenty-eight Gwich'in storytellers. This work also includes her retranscription and transcription from tape of Albert Tritt's Arctic Village Journals (from Albert Tritt's manuscript and Isaac Tritt's taped reading of it). Katherine had worked with Albert Tritt at Arctic Village during the 1940s interpreting and had learned a considerable amount of Dagqq from him as well.

She retired from the Center in 1980, but continues her involvement with her language work, including the transcription and translation of the memoirs of Belle Herbert (*Shandaa/In My Lifetime*, Alaska Native Language Center 1982), the texts of another dozen schoolbooks for the Yukon Flats School District in 1983,

Chandalar area place-names survey with Rick Caulfield, and editorial, grammatical, and dictionary work with us.

In 1976 she first drafted the present major work and most personal of her writings. This was published for the first time in 1981, with the encouragement and support of Jane McGary, and edited and with an introduction by her, with the tone marks transcribed by Jeff Leer. For the present new edition the Gwich'in text was completely retyped by Katherine's daughter, Kathy Sikorski; then Katherine Peter's daughter Adeline Raboff repunctuated and reparagraphed the Gwich'in text, which Katherine Peter herself then reviewed and made final corrections on. Adeline Raboff revised the English translation throughout, adding explanatory footnotes. The translation of Katherine's text is just that, from a language very different from English and a world very different from what English represents.

I am indeed pleased as Director of the Alaska Native Language Center to see published this new edition of this unique part of Katherine Peter's vast contribution to the cultural history of the Gwich'in people and of Alaska.

Michael Krauss
ANLC, 1992

People of Arctic Village with Rev. Albert Tritt at the Bishop Rowe Chapel in the early 1940s. Photo from the Arctic Village Collection, University of Alaska Fairbanks Archives.

East Fork, Chandalar River. Photo by Roger Kaye, courtesy of U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service.

Katherine Peter's mother, Annie Joseph, left, and aunt, Belle Stevens Luke. The name of the child is unknown. Photo courtesy of Katherine Peter.

CHAPTER 1

Tr'ookìt Vashrą̀ii K'ǫǫ K'eihdik

Gwichyaa Zhee Chief Esiàs Loolà vizheh dink'ǐ dhat. Tr'ookìt Vashrą̀ii K'ǫǫ łąii hàa tąii gwichyah gwinjik tr'ahàajil. Mosès Martìn dizheh k'aa chan, Abèl Tritt nąii hàa gwats'à' tr'eedàa.

Łą̀ą sevèn times tr'ą̂ąhaa dǫhłi. Chuuluu chan nizi. Joseph Peter dilìk làt dineeǹiinlii. Tr'iinin three months old chan tr'ahchyaa. Geetàk łyâa ninyùk tr'ahadàl dą̀i' tr'iinin dachaavał zhìt gwintł'òo itree. Gohch'it hee oondaa nàradàl izhìk chan zheh tr'ìilęę gwadhaa hee nihdèe riheedàa t'igwii'in kwaa. Geetàk zheh gwadhàh naratthak. Geetàk chan zheh gwajàt gòo'ą̀ii łii, aii gwizhìt tr'i̇̂khwal. Chan gwîink'oo. Zheh Gwatsal k'eeriidàl dą̀i' gwizhri zheh gwìindhaa tr'ą̂ąhaa. Aii gwats'an Vashrą̀ii K'ǫǫ gwats'à' neekwat tr'ą̂ąhaa.

April 1936 drin tł'an gehndàa tr'igwiìndhat gwiizhik Vashrą̀ii K'ǫǫ k'eeriidàl. At'oohjù' łą̀ą Stevèn Petèr vitì' vanàrąąhjìk łii gwiizhik k'eeriidàl. Dinjii ineech'agąh'àl ndàa nagąąhjìk łii gwiizhik k'eeriidàl. Shíh tr'ookít ii'àl t'ee ts'it, shìh niłehts'ì' t'iich'yaa gwànlii. Shaką̀i' vahan Soozun Peter, Myra Peter, David Peter, Noah Peter jii nąii khehłòk zheh gwizhìt gwigwich'i gavàa tr'igwich'i.

CHAPTER 1

When I First Arrived at Arctic Village

I was raised at Fort Yukon in the house of Chief Esias Loola.[1] This is the first time I went to Arctic Village and we went with dogs along a wide trail. We were traveling with Moses Martin and his household and with Abel Tritt.

We actually camped seven times, I think. The trail was good, too. Joseph Peter loaned us some of his dogs. We also took with us a three-month-old child. Sometimes when we went really far, the child in the toboggan would cry a lot. When we would finally reach our destination, it's not as if we had a warm house ready to go into. Sometimes we pitched a tent. Other times we found a deteriorating old cabin and camped there. It was cold, too. The only time we stayed in a warm house was at *Zheh Gwatsal*. From there to Arctic Village we camped two nights.

In April 1936 we arrived past mid-day at Arctic Village. Evidently they had just buried Steven Peter's father when we arrived. It seems that they had finished feeding the men as we arrived. Porcupine was the first food I ate; there was a lot of all kinds of food. My husband's mother Soozun Peter, Myra Peter, David Peter, and Noah Peter, all these lived together in a house, and there we lived with them.

---

1. Katherine Peter's early years in the household of the Chief Esias Loola play a very significant part in her life. She was raised during a time of great change in Gwich'in material, cultural and spiritual life. Chief Esias Loola was the embodiment of the order and thought of his day.

Gwichyaa Zheh gwats'an Vashrą̀ą́ K'ǫǫ gwats'à' one hundred fifty miles ginyaa. Aii Vashrą̀ą́ K'ǫǫ gwats'à' Dachanlee vadzaih gwànlį́.

Izhìk Dachanlee tr'igwîiłk'in hee, Abel t'ashàhnyaa, "Yi'èendee ddhah choo neekhêen'ee gwąąh'in? Izhîk t'ee Vashrą̀ą́ K'ǫǫ gòo'ą́ą́ t'ôonch'yaa," shàhnyaa. Zhyą̀ą sheedlàa t'inyaa łìi. Aii ddhah t'èe Nitsį̀i Ddhàa òaazhii zhree.

Diilìk kwaii vadzaih hàagiindàii kwaa ts'à' tthaa ch'agogwaatlaa. Gwiizhik Joseph Peter vilìk nąą́ą́ gwintl'òo shraa hàa gah'àl.

Aii Zheh Gwatsal gehndàk ddhah tr'ookìt nahgwàn nał'in gwintł'òo shèenjìt aakin ch'igwîidlį́ą́. Izhìk Vashrą̀ą́ K'ǫǫ k'eeriidàl dą̀ą́', Rev. Albert Tritt dizheh k'aa; Gilbert Joseph daga'at, James Gilbert dizheh k'aa, Esias James dizheh k'aa, Gabriel Peter daga'at, Moses Sam dizheh k'aa, Lucy Frank digizhuu, Elijah Henry dizheh k'aa, Isaac Tritt va'at Bertha googii nąą́ą́ hàa, Joseph Peter dizheh k'aa. Jii nąą́ą́ izhìk dą̀ą́' zhat gwich'į́į. Nich'it tik nąą́ą́ zhrį́į shoahthaa aii gavoozhrì' Bella Henry, Myra Peter ts'à' Joan Peter gwàazhii.

Datthak dachan zheh gwigwìi'į́į. Goolàt nąą́ą́ ch'iitsii k'aahkàii diikwài' hàa vàa k'eech'araahkàii gii'į́į. Ch'iitsii choo, cook stove kwaii gàa. Goodehk'ìt aii dachan hàa gwìłtsą́ą́. Aii datthak dachaavał hàa Gwichyaa Zhee gwats'an oondàk neegiyaazhìk. Dinjii làt nąą́ą́ chan ànts'à' chų̀ų vęę nineegiidàl łìi gehnaa dą̀ą́'. Zhat k'eihdik gwats'an łą̀ą oo'àn chų̀ų vęę neegogwaa'in kwàa.

Gwichyaa Zheh gwats'à' ninghìt ts'à' chan vàanòodlit shìh gwànlį́į kwàa. Juu Gwichyaa Zheh łąą́ą́ hàa nahak aii zhrį́į vàanòodlit shìh tsal di'į́į. Aii chan ninghùk kihatthak kwaa.

From Fort Yukon to Arctic Village is 150 miles, they say. There were a lot of caribou on *Dachanlee* on our way to Arctic Village.

There at *Dachanlee* while by the campfire, Abel told me, "Do you see the big mountain bluff way up ahead? There it is, that's where Arctic Village is," he said to me. Well, it seems he was just joking with me when he said that. In fact, that mountain is called Big Mountain.

Our dogs didn't know about caribou and they just went skidding along! Meanwhile, Joseph Peter's dogs went along barking loudly.

After *Zheh Gwatsal* the mountains began and it was the first time I'd ever seen mountains up close. The sight of them filled me with joy and wonderment. There at Arctic Village when we arrived were Rev. Albert Tritt and his household, Gilbert Joseph and his wife, James Gilbert and his household, Esias James and his household, Gabriel Peter and his household, Moses Sam and his household, Lucy Frank and her son, Elijah Henry and his household, Isaac Tritt, his wife Bertha and their children, and Joseph Peter and his household. These people lived there at that time. There were only three young women of my age, named Bella Henry, Myra Peter and Joan Peter.

They all had log houses. Some of them owned treadle sewing machines. There were big iron stoves, even cook stoves.[2] Their beds were made of wood. They brought all that stuff up there on toboggans from Fort Yukon. Some of the men had formerly gone back and forth to the (Arctic) ocean shore. However, after I arrived there they did not visit the ocean shore.

It was a long way to Fort Yukon and so there was not much white man's food. Only one who had been to Fort Yukon with dogs had a little white man's food. And that didn't last very long.

2. The number and quality of traded household items impressed her because of the isolation of the village and the great distances things had to be taken by dog team and sled.

Soozun Peter aii vaką̀i' Peter John òaazhii aii Gwichyaa Zheh nihee gwiizhik tą̀ii gwinjik didrìi hàa nindhat. Aii t'ee anàgą̀hjii gwiizhik k'eeriidàl t'iihnyaa. Aii gwa'san vàanòodlit shìh tsal k'ą̂ąhtii aii Drin Zhìt gwiteegwą̀ąhch'yaa gwizhrį̀i sungą̀ii, łùhch'yaa, rice kwaii jidìi tsal vakahch'yàa. Aii Drin Zhìt gwats'à' neegweedhaa dą̀i' gwats'à' khadhalchį̀'.

Aii Vashrą̀ii K'ǫǫ nehshrit drin deetàk nèekwą̀ii gwigwinchį̀' ts'à' it'ee "Aii gehndee Van Vats'an Hahdlaii giyàhnyaa vęę gwats'à' tr'ahoojyàa," ginyaa. Aii Peter nąii zheh k'aa zhrį̀i. Izhìk gwà'àn vadzaih gwànlį̀i èenjìt t'iginyaa. Vashrą̀ii K'ǫǫ gwats'an three or four miles gwizhrį̀i gwats'à' gwèedį̀i zhree.

Gwichyaa Zheh shìh dàazhyaa datthak ih'àa gogwal'į̀', àkwàt khan hee nilį̀i zhrį̀i ih'àa ts'à' shreenan nèekwą̀ii łą̀ą ałts'ìk. Shitsųų Soozun vadzaih nilį̀i niłehts'ì' vikeeyahch'yàa shantł'àhchak googàa sheenjit ìizųų. Gwichyaa Zheh vadzaih nilį̀i geetàk tr'a'àa gàa ch'izhii shìh vàa gwànlį̀i ts'à' ihłàii kwaa łii. Gàa adan zhrį̀i gwintł'òo shàa vagwaandàii. Aiitł'ęę vagwal'į̀' tł'ęę sheenjit nizį̀i. Aii shitsųų Soozun ch'itsyah gaa sheenjit ahtsii, nillii gaih vaa chan ch'ąghwaa ghwai' kwaii haa. Aii datthak sheenjit ìizųų. Jùk jì' duuyee sheenjit ìizųų.

Aii van vęę tr'igwich'į̀i gwiizhik Vashrą̀ii K'ǫǫ gwats'an naazhrìi nąii oodàk dineenìnědàl. Dą̀hthee tan łyâa iihèezųų gwats'à' łą̀ą ookyą̀ą neegiidàl. Dinjii hàashandàii kwaa ts'à' goots'à' gihihkhyàa gàa gootr'ǒaalnyaa. Geedan chan jyàa diginch'yaa dǫhłį̀i. Gwiizhik chan k'eejìt ihłį̀i dą̀i' oozhii ihłį̀i eenjit ìhsį̀i kwaa. Geetàk hee shats'à' giginkhii jì' gavoiihnyaa shoahthaa nąii.

Soozun Peter's husband, who was named Peter John, had died of a heart attack while on a trip to Fort Yukon. While they were burying him, we arrived, as I (mean to) say. It was from him that she had a little white man's food which she took care of. Every Sunday she would cook with just a little sugar, biscuits and rice. I could hardly wait for every Sunday to arrive!

They had stayed barely two weeks at Arctic Village when they said, "Let's go to the the lake up there they call *Van Vats'an Hahdlaii*." This was just the Peter family. They said this because there were a lot of caribou around there. It was only three or four miles from Arctic Village.

At Fort Yukon I was used to eating all kinds of food, but suddenly I was eating only meat, and for two months I was really sick. My mother-in-law[3] Soozun gave me all kinds of caribou meat that she cooked in different ways; even so it was bad for me. At Fort Yukon we sometimes ate caribou meat, but there was plenty of other food with it so it seemed I didn't taste it. But that alone tasted too strong for me. After I got used to it, it was good for me. My mother-in-law Soozun even made *ch'itsyah*[4] for me, even ground-up dried meat with small balls of marrow and bone fat in it. All of that was bad for me. If I ate it now, it wouldn't be bad for me.

While we were living by that lakeshore, hunters from Arctic Village came up to visit us from time to time. They continued to visit until the ice conditions got really bad. I didn't know these people, and I wanted to speak to them but I was apprehensive. They probably felt the same way, but then when I was young I was terribly bashful. Sometimes I wished the ones who were my own age would talk to me.

---

3. The word *shitsųų* means a) grandmother, or b) a woman's mother-in-law. Among the Gwich'in, to be addressed in kinship terms is to show affection and proper consideration. In this text, for the sake of clarity, mother-in-law is used.

4. *Ch'itsyah* is considered a delicacy. It consists of ground cooked meat mixed with marrow and grease into a fine pâté. Sometimes berries are added. It is served cold or frozen.

Zhat tr'igwich'įį gwiizhik łyą̂ą gwahgǫ̀' gwiizhik David Frank Venetie gwats'an dineek'idik. Myra Peter vitì' neeyčelì' zhree. Vàanòodlit shìh yeenjit k'aazhik aii chan duuyee ch'ihłòk tr'a'àa. Ndàa nihłik hee gwizhrįį ch'iveedzèe nahvir. Zhat tr'igwich'įį t'ee vadzaih gahgąįį t'iginch'yaa.

Izhìk hee aii vadzaih dhàh łyâa ch'igyǫ̀' zhrįį nilįį googàa shrìitr'ìgìlii. Daatlìh tyąh tsal zhìt deedą̀ą'ài' Myra one year gwizhrįį shits'įį ahaa adan zhrįį ch'adhàh eenjit gwitr'it t'agwah'in. Dinjik dhàh chan ahkhii gwiizhik chan vadzaih dhàh lęįį chan ahkhii. Tły'ah njyaa yeenjit hǫ̨įłt'àii kak dineeyaazhik. Aii datthak Soozun jùk tth'aii hee ch'adhàh hee'yàa t'aihnyaa. Aii gwiizhik gwideetit chan traa chan ikyàa oondaa heek'à' zhree. Ookìt Vashrą̀įį K'ǫǫ gwigwiheech'yàa gàa izhìk gwahgǫ̀' dą̀į' tthą̀įį tr'agwaanjìk ginyaa ts'à' t'igii'in t'agavàihnyaa.

"Aii van ndǫ̨hts'ą̀įį tr'igwich'įį izhìk gwats'an chan Vijǫǫ Chihvyàa K'ìt gagahnyaa chan nineeroondì'," chan ginyaa. "Izhìk łuk chihvyàa hàa keerihee'yàa," ginyaa. Izhìk chan tr'igwich'įį datthak zheh gwadhàh zhìt tr'igwich'įį t'igwii'in t'iihnyaa.

Gwiizhik dzan kee'in nąįį ookyąą Vashrą̀įį K'ǫǫ gwats'an dineenìneedàl Fourth of July jì' diihàa dôok'įį ginyaa. Izhìk chan ch'ihłan Helen Fredson chan dineek'idik. It'ee zhat shin tr'ooheendal ginkhii Albert Tritt yeegwàhahchyaa eenjit k'eegiidàl łii zhree. Zii tr'ookit vaką̀į' t'ee Peter Christian ôaazhii zhree. Aiitl'ęę aii vakwaa tl'ęę t'ee George Tritt neeyòonjik. George aii vitì' dloo didlii ts'à' "Tr'injàa vigii six gwànlįį jì' gàa veerąhkhaa jì' heezyàa," yàhnyaa ch'yąą chan gwik'it t'iizhìk.

8

While we were living there and the snow was melting quickly, David Frank came to us from Venetie. He is Myra Peter's stepfather, you see. He brought white man's food for her, and that too we could not eat at one time. Just every now and then she boiled some dried apples.

Where we were living they were drying caribou. Around there they cleaned even caribou skins that were nothing but worm holes. Myra, who was only a year older than I, was the only one who worked on skins, in a small washtub full of skins. While she was tanning a moosehide, she also tanned many caribou hides. She hung them on a long line that was strung up for them. I mean to say, considering all of that, if Soozun were alive today she'd still have skins! And meanwhile, in between working on skins, she cut firewood to burn. They could have stayed down at Arctic Village, but they said when the snow melts it's dirty there, so they did as I have said of them.

"On the other side of that lake from where we are staying there is a place called *Chihvyòa K'ìt;* let's move camp there," they said then. "We'll fish with nets there," they said. When I say we were living there, I mean we were all living in tents.

Meanwhile, muskrat hunters came to us from Arctic Village and asked us to stay with them on the Fourth of July.[5] There, too, Helen Fredson came to us once. Now, that summer she was going to get married, and they came there, it seems, for the preacher Albert Tritt to marry them. Her first husband was called Peter Christian. After he died, George Tritt married her. George's dad joshed with him, "If a woman has six children and will still marry him, it'll be good," he once said to him, and that's just what he did.

5. This is the second reference to visiting. Soozun was an excellent storyteller and much in demand among the small number of inter-related *Neets'òii* Gwich'in.

Fourth of July gwats'à' t'ee Vashrą̀jį K'ǫǫ k'ineeriidàl. Akhài' Jim Christian digizheh k'aa hàa Sarah Simon dizheh k'aa hàa oodįį k'eegiidàl łii. It'ee Helen Fredson tr'ooheendal eenjit. Aii Sarah Simon aii khaii hee Ddhah Ghoo T'ee gagahnyaa izhìk khaii hee gwigwich'įį. Izhìk gwats'an k'eegiidàl.

Izhìk t'ee James Gilbert tr'ookìt digii Trimble eenjit vagwànlįį drin shandàa vikeech'ilch'yàa. Neenàhòdlàt choo hee giłtsą̨jį łyâa gwinzįį ganaldàii. Aii gwat'san neegwiidhat gwiteegwą̨ahch'yaa giyeenjit jyàa dii'in. Digigii eenjit neeshreegil'in ch'yą̨ą̨ t'agavàihnyaa.

It'ee Fourth of July tigwindhat ts'à' nitèegwarąhchįį ts'à' gwintl'òo chan vikeegahch'yàa ts'à' chan ch'agaadzaa. Khàa gwiteegwą̨ahch'yaa ch'agaadzaa vành five o'clock at'oohjù' hee gigiindak. Gwiizhik shizheh dhiidii. Gohch'it zhree fourth time ch'agaadzaa izhìk zhree ootthàn hǒiizhii. Gwintł'òo shrôonch'yaa t'igwii'in łii. Zhyą̨ą̨ khik oondaa chanchyàh kak nihthat gwizhrįį t'ihch'yaa. Izhìk t'ee ch'adzah jitterbug oaazhii chan veech'oą̨ą̨łtan ch'yą̨ą̨.

Izhìk dą̨į' ik teegwinjyàa Gwichyaa Zheh ts'à' shi'ìk oozhee shakwài' ts'à' gą̨hnjyaa. Kwaiitryah chan zhanraa'yùu. Tth'aii hee shrôonch'yaa gwiizhik chan "Ddhah tee rahoojyàa," chan ginyaa. Shitsǫǫ Soozun aii "Dziindèe teetł'an diniizhrį' it'ee divii naak'ìi t'ôonch'yaa," nyaa.

Dinjii datthak tth'aii hee gwinzįį hàa gàa giihkhii kwaa gwiizhik t'iginyaa. Aii chan nan kak tr'iheedàa zhree łą̨įį ghwàa hàa chan k'eegwarahaazhik zhree. Gwats'à' hee Myra dinjik dhàh diitįį ą̨hkhii aii chǫǫ kwaiitryah Soozun yàhnyaa ginghan. Ch'adhàh kwaiitryah vidì' canvas noo'ee vitł'yàa gwànlįį. Aii chan

On the Fourth of July we came back to Arctic Village. And the families of Jim Christian and Sarah Simon had come up too, as it were (from *Zheh Gwatsal*). It was for Helen Fredson's marriage. That winter Sarah Simon's family lived at a place they call *Ddhah Ghoo T'ee*. They had arrived from there.

At that time James Gilbert prepared a feast in my presence for the birthday of his first child Trimble. They made a lot of Indian ice cream. I remember it really well. From that time on, every year they did that for him. They used to act poorly for the sake of their child, I say about them.[6]

Now it was the Fourth of July and they married the couple, and they cooked a lot of food, and they danced too. Every evening they danced and they finally quit at five o'clock in the morning. Meanwhile, I sat at home. Finally the fourth time they were dancing, I just went down there. As it turned out, they were enjoying themselves wholeheartedly. (I was dancing so much) I was all the time just standing there on the floor. It was then and there that I taught them to do the dance called the "jitterbug."

At that time the dresses were long at Fort Yukon, and my dress reached down to my feet. We wore moccasins, too. While the fun was still going on, they said, "Let's go to the mountains." My mother-in-law Soozun said, "The bearberries are half ripe; now the sheep are getting fat."

When they said that, I still hadn't really spoken with all the people. We were going to travel overland and carry our things on pack dogs.[7] For this purpose, Myra had tanned a thick moosehide and they made what Soozun called "water moccasins." The skin moccasins had canvas all around the top, and a long string. At this I

6. The couple did this at great cost to themselves in time and labor.

7. She had no idea how things were going to be transported until they went. Keep in mind that all these experiences were new to a bride who had spent the better part of her life in one community.

t'ıįhthan "Jidìi shoe pack rubber zhìt goo'yùu jaghaii," yiihthan. Aii kwaiitʼyah chụụ zhìt gàa giyàaneehiidàl.

It'ee zhree yeenìn East Fork gwinjik gwideetàa zhree tr'ih tsal hàa neegwigwìinlii. Soozun łą̀ą łą̀ıį sixteen di'ıį diikhwant'ee chan łą̀ıį ch'ihłoonlì'. It'ee zhree łą̀ıį t'ànch'igiłtł'ıį ts'à' ndak ts'à' tr'iriinjil. Tr'iinin six months old chan ihkhwaa ts'à' zhree. Aii chan tl'ôot'aii hàa ihkhwaa t'aihnyaa kwaa. Zhik gwa'àn tr'iinin k'ił łeedanoołkhan hàa ihkhwaa.

Gęhndee ddhah Nonòhok'ıį oaazhii izhìk dik'ii tsal t'ee tr'ą̂ąhaa. Izhìk gwats'an Nonòhok'ıį t'ìh dàk hee ts'à' oondee daknàa'ą̀ı' hee han oozhàk tr'agwǫ̀ąh'in. Aii t'ee Juunjik han gwinjik.

Aii deegwǫ̀ąhch'yaa nirinjik datthak tr'injàa nąıį zhr̨ıi zheh gwadhàh gwanatthak ts'à' chan tr'ihinjik dą̀ı' chan nineerahchaa zhree. Dinjii nąıį aii oondàa diits'ıį vành dą̀ı' hee nagahaazhrii eenjit gahah'òo. Aii t'ee Steven, David Peter hàa. Soozun Peter aii goohan. Shıį chants'à' Myra Peter jii nąıį zhr̨ıį t'ii'in t'iihnyaa. Aii chan łą̀ıį t'eech'aɬtl'uu gàashandàii kwaa ts'à' shilìk nąıį googhwàa nǫąhk'yàa gwizhr̨ıį t'ôonch'yaa. Geetàk chan khagiizhral. Diits'àt, diishìh tsal geeghwaa aii kak chan gasoline can ch'iitsii chan gookak gaatł'ii. Zheh gwadhàh dachan chan geelil. Aii oondee Tsèe Geechàn Rìntinjik Soozun gàhnyaa izhìk divii ch'injik gòo'ąıį izhìk gwits'ıį łą̀ą nirindii. Soozun nìnjìk dą̀ı' łyâa yîichyą' gwizhr̨ıį ninjik.

Aii ch'injik nirîindii jihnyaa gwats'à' gwàndàk gwichyàh kak tr'eedàa gwiizhik, yèenàa diidat David needyaa. Akhài' divii ginghan divii tthài' lii hàa diits'ee hòozhii t'ii'in łii. Aii gwichyàh kak tr'igwîiłk'in izhìk t'ee divii tsìk

thought, "Why don't they wear rubber shoepacks?" They even walked around in water in moccasins.

Then they took the supplies across the East Fork with a canoe. Soozun had all of sixteen dogs, and, as for us, we had five dogs. Then they tied the packs on the dogs and we went up country. And I was packing a six-month-old child, you see. I don't mean that I was packing her with a baby-carrying strap.[8] I tied some diapers around the child and packed her in that way.

Up yonder at the mountain called *Nonohok'ii* we camped beneath a little bare hill. From there we went up behind *Nonohok'ii* and approached the place where we saw the river below us from the top of the mountain. Now that river is the *Juunjik*.

During all the times we moved (from campsite to campsite) only the women set up the tent, and when we broke camp again, only the women took it down. The men went out ahead of us early in the morning to hunt. These were Steven and David Peter. Soozun Peter was their mother. Only Myra Peter and myself made and broke camp. I didn't know how to put packs on dogs, and my dogs' packs were all lopsided. Sometimes they hollered in pain. They packed our blankets and our small supply of food, and they tied a gasoline-can stove on them too. They also dragged the tent poles. Up there at a place called *Tsee Geechan Rintinjik* across from a sheep trail we set up our camp. When Soozun set up a camp, she would place it where she could see a wide area.

While we were walking across an open area near the sheep trail where we had set up camp, David came toward us. As it turned out, they had killed some sheep and he came to us with some fresh sheep meat. There on the open area we

8. Fancy baby straps were the style of the *Gwichyaa* Gwich'in women.

gìlch'yaa. Giitsin chan gwìłvir, gwintl'òo gwâakǫı̨ı̨ ch'yǫą t'iihnyaa. Łyâa tr'ookìt divii ih'àa zhree.

Izhìk divii eenjit nagaazhrìi shriit'ąhkhyùk tr'igwinch'į'. Izhìk zhree divii oo'ęę neegâazhik dǫ̀ı̨' zhree vatòo kak dazhoo khik dha'ǫı̨ı̨. "Jii jàghàii chan zhat khik giyìł'ǫı̨ı̨," yiihthan ts'à' oo'àn hâałthak. Shitsųų aii gohch'it drin zhìt shàa dhidìi ts'à' shàa gwâandak. Gwintł'òo shaaghan gwandak eenjit duulèe nilı̨ı̨ t'aihnyaa. Gohch'it zhree t'ashahnyaa, "Shitseii, zhik ch'atòo vakak dazhoo ch'yǫą daajìi?" shàhnyaa. Ihdlàa ts'à' zhree, "Jaghaii zhat dha'ǫı̨ı̨ t'inch'yàa oiihnyaa ts'à' oo'àn hałjyàa," vàihnyaa. "Jeiinch'yaa ts'à' oondàa tr'ikhyaa ts'à' tr'avir łyâa nizı̨ı̨ t'inch'yaa," shàhnyaa. "Chan divii oo'ęę neeginlee jì' nandàa jyàa dihihłyàa," shàhnyaa.

Gwichyaa Zheh dink'ìhkhit David Wallis zhree "divii ts'ahałkhòo" shandàa nyaa. Aii zhree Soozun oaałkat akhài' divii troh k'eh t'aràhnyaa shàhnyaa. Ch'ik'èh ghoo nilı̨ı̨ ch'itlèe gwìch'in.

Izhìk tr'igwinch'į' gwats'an t'ee ànts'à' gwataa tr'ahǎajìl aii t'ee Gwazhal giyàhnyaa taa. Izhìk yaaghà' gwà'àn tr'ihęęhàa nàgwàanǫı̨ı̨. Łyǫ̂ą dachàn kwaa nats'àa vik'èech'arahǎach'yàa lì' yiihthan. Akhài' shitsųų "Aii kii dril kwaii oinjii," shàhnyaa. "Aii kii four ts'à' dak giyihadǫ̆ą̆dlìi ts'à' zhat gwà'àn chan k'il jyah tsal gwànlı̨ı̨ aii nahtsii," shàhnyaa. Gwik'ìt t'ìshizhìk akhài' aii kii deetàk dìłk'ìn. Kii datthak vàa inghyaa ts'à' tyąh khàn dîildlàt. Gwiizhik zheh gwadhàh gwinìgìkii kii giitl'yàa àngìlchàa ts'à' chan zhree gwìnìgiyintthàii. Gwiizhik t'ee yeedı̨ı̨ gwahchyaa ts'à' khàn t'igii'in.

Aiitł'ęę nìhkàa gwizhrı̨ı̨ gòo'ǫı̨ı̨ gwizù' hee chan heekiàraazhii. Ootthàn neegwaal'ìn Vashrǫ̀ı̨ı̨ K'ǫǫ gwats'à' zhyǫ̀ą ddhah kwaii ch'ąhtł'oo gwizhrı̨ı̨. Gwintsal chan tr'igwihdìi gàa łǫ̀ą jyaa dihch'yaa jihnyaa kwaa. Zhat gwats'an chan neerahòojìl gwiizhik vành dǫ̀ı̨' hee Steven, David hàa gaha'òo. Tł'ęę hee diikhwan tr'ahadàl.

made a fire and they roasted sheep ribs. They also boiled its intestines. I say, it was a very tasty treat. That was the very first time I ever ate sheep.

We lived there for quite a while, while they hunted sheep. When they brought sheep back to camp, the hide was always left on the brisket. "Why do they always do this here?" I thought, and threw it away. Finally one Sunday my mother-in-law sat with me and told me stories. She was certainly an old woman rich in stories, I say of her. Finally she said to me, "My grandchild, where is that fur that was on the brisket?" With a smile I told her, "I thought, 'why is it left on there?' and I threw it away." "It's like this: We singe it on the fire and we boil it and it's very good," she told me. "If they bring a sheep to camp again, I'll do this in your presence."

When I was growing up in Fort Yukon, David Wallis said "sheep round fat" in my presence. I asked Soozun about this and she told me it meant the fat on the back of the sheep neck. It is a round piece of fat that looks like kneecap fat.

From the place where we were living we traveled over what they call *Gwazhal*. While in the mountains, it became time for us to set up camp. Indeed, there was no wood at all, and I wondered how we were going to cook. And then my mother-in-law said to me, "Get those thin flat rocks. Pile up four of them and you will find dwarf willows, gather those." I did so, and then she lit a fire in between the rocks. The rocks heated up and the pail quickly came to a boil. Meanwhile they set up the tent by tying its ropes to rocks, and that is how they got it up. While they were setting up the tent a rain shower was approaching, so they did it quickly.

The next day was a fine clear day and we woke up early. I looked back down our trail in the direction of Arctic Village, and there was nothing but blue mountains. I was a little bit sad, but I didn't say how I felt. We left there quickly and as usual Steven and David left early in the morning. We set out after them.

Aii k'iitthàn gwìnjìk datthak łą̨ą kii zhìt gwizhrį̨į gòo'ą̨įį. Datthak kwaiitryah zhìt raa'yùu. Gwintl'òo shakwài' ts'iidhak kwaiitryah ehdan ihshyaa k'it t'oonch'yaa. Shitsųų gwintł'òo chałdak ch'yą̨ą t'iihnyaa. Gohch'it k'iitthàn ninghìt hee khagwìidǫ̀įį hee kǫ' tsal tr'ą̨ąh'ìn. Gwiizhik it'ee tǫǫ nagwăak'it. Izhìk nihts'į̨į ddhah choo deetak tr'êedàa hee yeedee divii neehidik tr'agwą̆ą̨h'ìn.

Aii datthak Bessie seven months old neehihkhok t'iihnyaa. Aii three months k'eedhiighwą̨įį oondàk ddhah tee. Gohch'it ookit gogwîiłk'à' k'eeriidàl. Tł'ęę nihkàa t'ee Kiinì'rintìn ts'à' Vadhoo'oo deetak nìrindii izhìk gwats'à' geedàa t'igii'ìn. Aii Kiinì'rintìn vàihnyaa aii kak divii ch'injik gòo'ą̨įį, izhìk divii keegihee'yàa t'igii'ìn. Zhat łą̨ą shreenan ànts'à' teetł'an tr'igwinch'į̨'.

Divii teech'agăahk'èe aii Myra hàa oodàk łą̨įį hàa tr'oondak. Ddhah choo kak khàneeraagak. Łyą̨ą tr'iłts'ìk kwaa t'iihnyaa. Łą̨įį sixteen gii'į̨į gavàihnyaa dinjii k'ìt t'iginch'yàa. Gòot'inèech'ahtl'ùk ts'à' "Akoh nakhwatsųų vits'eehoo'oo," gavahnyaa chan Soozun chan nilį̨į googhwàa kak oondak ts'a' chan "Oodàk neehoo'òo," gavàhnyaa datthak gwik'ìt t'igii'ìn.

All along the way it was nothing but rocks. We all wore moccasins. It hurt my feet very much, as if I were not even wearing moccasins. I used to exasperate my mother-in-law, I say. Finally, way off down the gorge we saw a small fire. Meanwhile, it was getting dark. As we walked there between the great opposing mountains, we looked across and saw sheep walking up there.

And all this time, as I said, I was packing around seven-month-old Bessie. For three months I packed her up there among the mountains. Finally we arrived down where they had a fire going. The next day they set off for *Kiini' rintin*, camping on the way at *Vadhoo' oo*. At this place *Kiini' rintin* there was a sheep trail, and they were going there to hunt sheep. We lived there a whole month and a half.

Whenever they shot sheep Myra and I would go up the mountain with the dogs to get the meat. We climbed huge mountains in no time at all. I mean to say, we felt no pain! The sixteen dogs they had that I mentioned were just like people. After she tied on their dog packs she would say to them, "Now you go back to your grandmother," and they would do it.[9] And then again after Soozun took the meat from their packs, she would tell them, "Go back up the hill," and they all did that too.

9. The dogs' owners are usually referred to as their grandparents.

CHAPTER 2

Kiinì'rintìn

Kiinì'rintìn oozhee deechan hee tr'igwich'ǰi izhìk hee divii niɬǰi gahgàǰi. Myra shǰi hàa ch'eeneerii'òo gwiizhik Soozun aii niɬǰi tr'aht'ìi. Aiitł'ęę oo'ęę neerii'òo ts'à' chan aii niɬǰi tr'eeyaht'ìi chan oodàk dèerilii.

Dachàn kwaa zhat k'àii tsik njìk gòo'ąǰi izhìk k'àii shrìit'ąhtsìi hàa ch'agąǰhk'ìt gwàrahtsìk. Zhat chan k'ǫǫ gwatsal gwànlǰi. Aii k'àii ghwàt niɬǰi gàa vachàn teegwinkìi. Aii tee k'il chan traa tr'aa'ǰi.

Sungàǰi, łùh, rice, dry apple jii kwąǰi ten pounds niɬǰi aii neegahâazhìk. Aii gwideetik niɬǰi zhrǰi tr'a'aa. Tthaa chan gwànlǰi googàa chan vànkeerii'in kwaa. Niɬǰi zhrǰi gàa vigwitr'ìt gwànlǰi. Soozun dùuyèe ch'akwài' gàa oo'àn haahkhìi. Yadhàh googàa akhòonyaa kwàa. Aii datthak nan chyàh kak gitèeyilii ts'à' yahgàìì.

Zhat tr'igwich'ǰi gwiizhik zhree ch'ihłan khàa zhree gwizhrǰi gòo'ąǰi gwiizhik tr'ǐłchǫǫ ch'yąą. Vành zhree tr'iidhat oondàa gwàał'ìn akhài' zhree ąhshùu łìi. Zhyąą zhàk ts'à' ts'at t'ee neeshizhìi ts'à' tr'igwihdìi gwintsal chan ihtree. Łyâa ninghìt Gwichyaa Zheh gòo'ąǰi hee shiyèhghàn nąǰi gwich'ǰi. Vashrąǰi K'ǫǫ chan gwats'à' ninghìt. Łyâa tr'iheetree gwizhrǰi ts'à' zhree ihtree t'ìihnyaa

CHAPTER 2

Kiini'rintin

We lived at the base of *Kiini' rintin* and dried sheep meat there. Myra and I went to get the meat while Soozun cut the meat. After we came back, we would hang the meat she had cut in our absence.

There was no wood there, but there were thin willows, and with the larger ones we made a drying rack. There was also a small creek there. The branches were short but the stems were thick.[1] We also used the dry willow sticks for firewood.

They brought with them ten pounds of sugar, flour, rice, and dry apples. Other than that, we ate nothing but meat. There were a lot of ground squirrels, but we didn't hunt them. The preparation of sheep meat was more than enough work in itself. Soozun wouldn't even throw away the feet. She didn't even throw away the skins. She spread them all on the flat ground and dried them.

While we were living there, it was clear one evening when we went to bed. But in the morning when we woke up, I looked out and saw that it had snowed. I just went back under my blanket, and I was sad, and I cried a little. Fort Yukon was a long way off, where my parents (and comfort) were. Even Arctic Village was a long way off. Sometimes all one can do is cry, and maybe that's why I cried, I guess.

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1. Dwarf alder.

dǫ̀hłi̱. Akhài' zhree Steven shàandàii gàa t'inch'yaa łìi. Aiitl'ee hee Vashrà̱i̱ K'ǫǫ gwà'àn hee "Katherine intrìi dà̱i̱'," shàgàhnyaa.

Ch'ihłan zhree drin diigwitr'ìt dàanara̱a̱jìk tł'e̱e̱ zhree Myra zhree t'inyàa jii k'ǫǫ gwìnjìk chajàl roh'è' shàhnyaa. Shriijaa jàł tsal tr'oonjik ts'à' zhree yeedì' gwìnjìk tr'ahàa'òo. Yeedìt ninghìt kwaa zhree teejàł dha'a̱i̱ łìi. Izhìk zhree jàł oondàa tr'ihîiłnà̱i̱. Gwintsal łuk jàł eet'indhan t'arah'in łìi. Zhya̱a̱ łuk kharahjyàa gǫhch'it ǫhtsùu zhìt shrìit'a̱a̱hch'yàa tr'iłtsa̱i̱ tr'ihee'àa a̱a̱hch'yàa zhri̱i̱. Aii łuk voozhrì' tsiivii ǒaazhìi. Oo'e̱e̱ neeree'òo ts'à' t'ee Soozun ǫhtsùu vats'à' rihîiłnà̱i̱. Yiłvìr gwintł'òo gwâakà̱i̱.

As it turned out, Steven knew about my tears, for sometime later, after we returned to Arctic Village, they told me about the time "when Katherine cried."

One day after we finished our work, Myra said to me, "Let's go fishing (with a hook) along this creek." We took small grayling hooks and we went down along the creek. Not far down there was a pool. There we threw out our hooks. As it were, it was not a little bit that the fish liked the hooks (but a great deal). We just pulled the fish out quickly, and finally we had in our bag as many as we would eat. The name of the fish is *tsiivii*.[2] We came back to camp and then we tossed the bag to Soozun. She boiled it; it was really tasty.

2. *Tsiivii* is a small orange-colored fish with black dots.

CHAPTER 3

Vashrą̀ą̀ K'ǫǫ Gwìts'èerahòojìl

It'ee divii nilį̀į̀ datthak gwinzį̀į̀ dhagą̀ą̀į̀. Tth'an ghwài' gàa iłtsą̀ą̀į̀ aii khwaii yahtsii dą̀į' ch'itrìh zhìt yahtsii. Aii divii t'ı̨' łą̨ą lagòhshròo k'èh k'ìt aghwą̀ą̀į̀. Divii tthą̀į' dhagą̀ą̀į̀ gǫǫ nizį̀į̀. "It'ee neeriheedàa," ginyaa ts'à' dinjii nąą̀į̀ divee nìgwigwìhilzhii. Aii łąą̀į̀ sixteen nąą̀į̀ datthak t'ànch'igiłtł'į̀į̀ diikhwan diilìk aii akwaa. Ch'ihłan drin gweedìi nìgwigwìnlii. Aii łąą̀į̀ nąą̀į̀ "Akò' nakhwatsų̀ų vits'ee hoo'òo," googàhnyaa. Aii łą̀ą̀į̀ ch'ihłak łąą̀į̀ ghwàa aghwàa aii goots'į̀į nêedyàa.

Aiitl'ęę nìhkàa August 31, 1936 drin diikhwan Soozun, Myra, shį̀į hàa goots'à' tr'ahadàl. Izhìk t'ee k'ìi'ęę gwàtaa gwats'à' neerêedàa gwiizhik vadzaih yeenjùk diihàa naa'al. Tth'aii vijì' kak vadhàh ts'à' t'ii'in. Vêetsų̀įheiinlą̀įį gagàhnyaa k'ìi'èe gwàtaa neeriijìl.

Aii nìhkàa September 1, 1936 hakirilzhìi łąą̀į̀ gwintsal yìkìi akhài' vadzaih dijì' dhàh geełèe haadlìi yeedìt k'iidì' a'à̀l t'iginyaa łìi, googàa dùuyèe tr'ǒaahk'èe. Diinandaa t'agwą̀ąhch'yàa. Aii divii dhàh chan datthak łąą̀į̀ kak ganâatł'į̀į łąą̀į̀ ch'eeghwaa nąą̀į̀ oodee gwàkak hee. Aii Vêetsų̀įheiinlą̀įį gwintł'òo gwiidlan kwaa gwichyaa hee gwizų' hee gwàtaa gwêedį̀į. Yeenjìt t'ee Nitsii Ddhàa dha'ą̀įį. Vit'ii ts'ą̀įį tr'ąąh'ìn.

CHAPTER 3

We Go Back to Arctic Village

Now all the sheep meat was dried well. She even made bone grease and when she did make bone grease she collected it in the rumens.[1] The back fat of the sheep was greasy just like bacon fat. The sheep meat was dried in no time. "Now we will leave," they said and the men took the gear on ahead. They put packs on all those sixteen dogs, but not on our dogs. They took everything down and packed in one day. They told those dogs, "Now you go to your grandma." One of the dogs (who was the leader) went ahead carrying his pack.[2]

The next day, August 31, 1936, we—Soozun, Myra, and I—went off toward them. It was at that time, that as we were approaching the pass, caribou were also going over the pass with us at a slight distance. They still had the velvet on their antlers. We came south over the mountain pass they call *Veetsʉ̨ʉ̨heiinlaʉ̨ʉ̨*.

The next day, September 1, 1936, we woke up when the dogs barked a little, and down a ways from us the caribou were going, rubbing the skin off their antlers, it seemed, but even so we could not shoot them. We had enough to carry as it was. The dog packs were filled (with meat and gear) and the sheep skins were strapped on top of that! The pass of *Veetsʉ̨ʉ̨heiinlaʉ̨ʉ̨*, is not very steep; the path over the pass is wide and flat. Across the pass is Big Mountain. We saw it from its back side.

1. The stomach of the sheep.

2. The men took the dogs down first and then sent them back with empty packs to the women.

Izhìk gwats'an t'ee Juunjik tr'ih neerahahtsyàa ginyaa gwats'à' ts'ąjį neerohǒojìl. Tąjh choo taa rahaajìl izhìk tr'ą̂ąhàa gwintł'òo chishandàk. Tr'iinin ihkhwaa zhat oihdì' gàa yiihthan. Aii Juunjik tąjh choo vàihnyaa gwàts'an Vashrą̀jį K'ǫǫ ddhah tr'aah'ìn gwintł'òo shòo ihłjį.

Izhìk gwats'an chan Nàhtryàh K'ǫǫ gwits'jį nìrindìi izhìk t'ee "ch'adhàh tr'ihchoo tr'ahahtsyàa." ginyaa. Shitsǫǫ Soozun vadzaih choo dhàh łandą̂ąhką̀i'. "It'ee lee safe nilįį t'agah'in lì'," oiihnyàa. Tth'aii ch'adhàh tr'ihchoo zhìt dhiidii kwaa ts'à' zhree. Gwiizhik David, Steven haà tr'ih dachàn gahtsii. Drin nèekwąjį gogwahkhyùk giyìłtsąjį.

Nìhkàa vành dą̀i' hee jidìi nèerèelyàa datthak vizhèerinlii ts'à' t'ee nihts'èerinjìl. Łąjį aii ndak a'al. Akhài' chan gwintł'òo gwindìi gwiizhik chan nihkhàn'òǒ teeghaii tr'ih hiilnąjį gwiizhik nigiił'in. Steven dink'ee hàa dèehiltlee ts'à' khehłee yîiłk'ee. Nehshrit łą̀ą tr'ihchoo stop tr'iłtsąjį nidìi ts'à' gwìnt'àii dâadhàl. It'ee chan zhat chan zheh gwadhàh gwanànrâatthaii.

Myra dinjik dhàh khanìłtrìt ts'à' Soozun łàdayą̀ąhką̀i'. Gwiizhik t'ee Steven, David hàa tr'ih dachàn gahtsii. It'ee tǫǫ hee łuu tsal tèeghàii neehiighàl ts'à' khagilchį'. It'ee izhìk gwats'an t'ee tr'ih choo nèekwąjį łàhòchaa neegahłàa. East Fork gwik'èeriijìl gwintł'òo khyǫ' tr'ih choo neelaa, chǫǫ nint'aii kwaa.

Gohch'it Vashrą̀jį K'ǫǫ k'ineeriidàl. Aii nilįį gąjh nèerèelyàa dehtsii zhìt

From there at the *Juunjik*, "We will make a boat," they said, and we went to that side of it. We went over a big hill and there we camped for the night; I was very tired. As I was packing a child, I even wanted to stay there (I was so tired). From that big hill along the *Juunjik* we could see the Arctic Village mountain[2] and I was very glad of it.

From there, we set up camp across *Nàhtryàh* Creek, and they said, "We will make a skin boat." My mother-in-law Soozun sewed big caribou skins together. "I wonder if what they are doing is safe," I thought. I had not sat in a skin boat yet, you see. Meanwhile, David and Steven were making a boat frame. It took them two days to make it.

Early the next morning, we loaded up everything we were carrying along and then we set off. The dogs walked along the high steep banks above us. And then, when the boat was heavily laden, it went by two moose mating on the shore. Steven jumped ashore with his gun and shot them both. We barely managed to stop the boat, it was so heavy and was drifting so fast. There again we set up our tents.

Myra cut the hair off the moose skins and Soozun sewed them up. Meanwhile, Steven and David made a boat frame. Now there was a little ice at the shore at night, and they were in a hurry. Now from there the two boats floated tied together. We went into the East Fork and the boat would barely float; the current was not strong.[3]

Finally we arrived back at Arctic Village. We put the dried meat in the

2. *Thaii' Nitsii*

3. The water recedes in the fall and may have been swift and shallow at the confluence of the *Junjik* and East Fork, but it slows down considerably thereafter.

rinlìi ts'à' chan t'ee yeedee van choo "Old John Lake" vàanòodlìt nǫ̀ǫ̨ yàhnyaa chants'à' tr'ahàajìl. "Zhat łuk keerihee'yàa," ginyaa t'igii'in. Aii van vizhìt neerẹhjik, łuk daagǫ̀ǫ̨ kwaii hàa gwànlǫ̨ǫ̨.

Aii Vashrǫ̀ǫ̨ K'ǫǫ dinjii kwaa nihk'yàa t'eedagaa'ìn gwats'à' gihiljii łìi. Izhìk dǫ̀ǫ̨' Vashrǫ̀ǫ̨ K'ǫǫ gehdee gwàk'an. Zhat dinjii t'igwii'in łìi. Harry Frank dagahan Lucy hàa t'igii'in łìi. Lucy łyǫ̨ǫ̨ shaaghan nilǫ̨ǫ̨ ts'à' veegògwantrii ninghìt yàa nìhidik kwàa.

Oodee Dachanlee, van choo ts'à' khàraajìl izhìk tr'ǫ̨ǫ̨haa. Aiitł'ęę t'ee oozhee chihvyàa k'ìt k'eeriidàl łyâa gwîink'oo.

Izhìk tr'igwich'ǫ̨ǫ̨ gwiizhik t'ee Myra ch'adhàh kwaii ahkhii dinjik dhàh, vadzaih dhàh kwaii hàa. Izhìk ch'ihłan zhree shitsǫǫ shats'à' nihdẽiinzhii. "Deehinch'yàa eenjit ch'adhàh eenjit gwitr'ìt t'agǫh'yà' dêiinch'yàa," shàhnyaa. Zhat dǫ̀ǫ̨' ch'adhàh tr'oozhrii gàa shat'àii kwaa zhree t'inyàa. Aii dinjik dhàh ch'ihłak nihdànǫhtsùu shàhnyaa. Shat'àii kwaa gàa "Nits'ìhihjyàa," shàhnyaa. Deehał'yàa gàa vàashandàii kwaa t'àhnyaa. Googàa t'ee nihdànaałtsùu. Zheh gwadhàh zhìt t'oonch'yàa akwàt gwîink'oo ts'à' ch'iitsii dha'ǫ̀ǫ̨ ts'ǫ̀ǫ̨ gwizhrǫ̨ǫ̨ ninghùk gwahaadhàt tł'ęę naaghwan. Izhìk t'ee ch'adhàh adałtrìi t'oonch'yàa. Young ihłǫ̨ǫ̨ akwat tr'igwǫ̨hjìk ts'à' tr'injaa dinkỳ'ahshǫhthat aii vinjỳaał'ee ts'à' ihtree. Aii chan ihtree ts'à' shàagwîindàii kwaa t'agwàihnyaa.

Izhìk łuk keeree'yǫ̀' tł'ęę nìn ts'à' van ndùhts'ǫ̀ǫ̨ Peter John vizheh gòo'ǫ̀ǫ̨ chan gwats'à' tr'ahàajìl. Izhìk tr'igwìch'ǫ̨ǫ̨ gwiizhik chan shaghoii Joseph Peter

cache, and then we went on up to the big lake that the white men call Old John Lake.[4] "We will fish there," they said. There are many lake trout and whitefish in that lake.

There were no people in Arctic Village; it appeared they were all off subsistence hunting. It was at that time that there was smoke from a fire above Arctic Village. It seemed there was a man there. It turned out to be Harry Frank and his mother Lucy. Since Lucy was a very old lady and frail in health, he couldn't walk great distances with her.

We spent the night on *Dachanlee* on our way to the big lake. After that we got down to the fish netting site, and it was really cold.

While we lived there, Myra tanned moose and caribou skins. It was then that my mother-in-law had occasion to come into my dwelling. "What's the matter with you? And how will you be if you do work on skins?" (which is what you ought to be doing) she said to me. At that time, if anyone even said "skins" to me it made me feel weak. She told me to bring in one of the moose skins. "I'm not very strong, but I'll help you," she said. She was referring to something that I had no idea what to do with. Even so I brought it in. As we were living in a tent, it was cold, and after a while just the side facing the stove thawed. It was there that I cried over that skin. I was young and awkward, and I thought about the woman who raised me, and so I cried.[5] I don't know just why I did.

After we finished fishing, we went across to the other side of the lake where Peter John's house is. While we were living there, my brother-in-law Joseph Peter

4. In former times the lake was called 'one lake on top of another' because certain sections of it are very deep and others shallow. This seems to create a natural current.

5. Katherine Loola was a very accomplished woman. She did many things including tan skins. In her capacity as a serving child, Katherine Peter's responsibilities were to care for her children and to run errands. These duties required tactfulness and discretion and often placed her in difficult situations. Tanning skins was not required of her.

chan Tth'aa Nèekàii gwats'an dineek'idik. Aii van choo gehdì' gòo'ąįį. Zhat chan zheh gwìłtsąįį łìi. Vigii tsyaa tsal tik nąįį gwànlįį. Va'at chan Tabitha ǒaazhii. "Zhat łyą̨ą nìn keerii'in gwinzįį," nyaa ts'à' "Shàa oodì' neekhwajyàa," nyaa. It'ee chan izhìk k'iidì' tr'ahaajìl. Vyàh hàa gàa vadzaih teech'agalok.

Soozun, David, Myra nąįį hàa zheh gwadhàh zhìt gwìgwich'įį. Diikhwant'ee zheh gwadhàh gwànàrąh'ee. Khaii gwiizhik shreenan nèekwąįį gogwąhkhyùk zheh gwadhàh zhit tr'igwinch'į'. Izhìk dą̀į' ginkhii Albert Tritt, Esias James aii zheh k'aa, Isaac Tritt nąįį hàa Khiinjik gwìgwich'įį łìi. Izhìk khyą̀h neegaa'ìn hee gòogąąh'yą̀' łìi. Łyâa ginkhii va'at Sarah shòo shìłtsąįį ch'yąą t'iihnyaa. Sungą̀įį, łùh gàa chan tr'ihee'àa kwaii shats'à' ninlii łìi. "Shuu vàanòodlit shìh k'at t'inch'yaa gwìch'in," shàhnyaa łìi ts'à' zhree.

Aiitł'ęę t'ee Gwichyaa Zheh tseedhàh hàa nigijyàa David, Joseph, Steven nąįį hàa. Ookyaa neegiijìl ts'à' t'ee Drin Tsal ts'à' gweedhaa ts'à' t'ee Vashrą̀įį K'ǫǫ gwits'èe rahoojyàa," ginyaa. It'ee chan k'ìidįį chùuluu kwaa neerihòojìl. Aih hàa tąįį tr'agwahtsii ts'à' neereedàa. Vashrą̀įį K'ǫǫ gwats'à' dǫǫ tr'ą̂ąhàa dǫhłìi.

Zhat k'ineeriidàl akhài' Mary Henry digigii Bella hàa zhrįį gògwich'įį łìi. Elijah Henry, Isaac Henry, Jonas Henry nąįį hàa Gwichyaa Zheh nigijyàa łìi. Diikhwan chan vàanòodlit shìh neereelyàa t'igwii'in. It'ee Vashrą̀įį K'ǫǫ k'ineeriidàl ts'à' t'ee gehndàa drin deetak t'ee Drin Tsal ts'à' gwintł'òo gwitr'ìt gwànlįį.

Gwiizhik Mary Henry chan daką̀į', digii nąįį hàa gòolii. Akhai' Drin Tsal gehndàa tr'igwindhàt tł'ęę hee k'ineegiidàl. Gàa Drin Choo zhìt łyâa Elijah Henry potlatch iłsąįį gwizhrįį. Nich'it tik nąįį zhrįį tr'inlįį ts'à' tsyaa nêekwąįį hàa ch'araadzaa. It'ee New Year 1937 nigwindhat.

Izhìk dą̀į' school gokwàa ts'à' dinjii nijìn veenjit gwinzįį gwa'àn neehiidàl. James Gilbert dizheh k'aa hàa, Gilbert Joseph daga'at hàa, Sarah Simon digigii nąįį

also arrived from *Tth'aa Neekaii*. It's located beyond Old John Lake. And there he even built a house. He had three young sons. His wife was called Tabitha. "It is really good for hunting animals down there," he said. "You guys should go down there with me." So then we traveled down there. They even snared caribou with caribou skin snares.

Soozun, David, and Myra lived in a tent. We too had a tent set up. We lived in the tent for two months of the winter. At that time the preacher Albert Tritt, the Esias James family, and Isaac Tritt were living at *Khiinjik*. They were tending their trapline there, it seems. How well I remember how the preacher's wife Sarah really made me happy at that time. Evidently saying that, "I think my niece misses white man's food," she sent down to me sugar, flour, and other things to eat!

After that, David, Joseph, and Steven set off for Fort Yukon with furs. They came back to us, and then, as Christmas was coming near, they said, "Let's go to Arctic Village." And so we started off, though there was no winter trail. We made a trail with snowshoes as we went. I think we camped four times on the way to Arctic Village.

We came back, but only Mary Henry and her daughter Bella were living there. Elijah, Isaac, and Jonas Henry had gone to Fort Yukon. And we were carrying white man's food with us. We arrived at Arctic Village a week before Christmas, and there was a lot of work to do.

Meanwhile, Mary Henry waited for her husband and sons. However, they came back a week after Christmas. But you better believe Elijah Henry put on a big potlatch on New Year's Day! There were only the three of us young women, and we danced with the two young men. That's how we spent New Year's 1937.

At that time there was no school and the men traveled around wherever the hunting was good. James Gilbert and his family, Gilbert Joseph and his wife, Sarah

hàa, Moses Sam dizheh k'aa hàa, Gabriel Peter da'at hàa jii nąįį Zheh Gwatsal, Ddhah Ghoo hàa gwà'àn t'iginch'yaa.

January 1937 gwats'an nìhk'yàa nèegwàrąą'in kwaa. Zhat Vashrąįį K'ǫǫ gwizhrįį tr'ìgwich'įį dinjii nąįį zhrįį nìhk'yàa nèehiidàl.

Traa agwàntrii ts'à' gehdee Dehtsii Doo'ąįį gàgàhnyaa aii gehdee git vęę chan niriindii. Aii Peter zheh k'aa tr'inlįį ts'à' zhree. Izhìk chan k'eegwiich'yaa t'igwii'in kwaa zhree. Traa zhrįį t'ee neeroondak dǫhłįį.

Gwiizhik Elijah Henry aii Vashrąįį K'ǫǫ gwiich'įį łìi. It'ee gwîindhàa gwàndàa t'ee chan oodąą nèeriijil.

It'ee May nan gwiizhik t'ee dinjii khehłan ninèedàl Vashrąįį K'ǫǫ hee datthak łàneegâadàl. Izhìk gwats'an t'ee ndàk ts'à' van tee dzan eenjit gahadàl. Geetàk hee digizheh k'aa hàa. Izhìk dąį' tr'ihchoo kwaa Vashrąįį K'ǫǫ. Oondàk hàn gwinjik adagògwaagǫ' dąį' geetàk khwąh neegahtsìk. Goolat nąįį chan łąįį ghwàa hàa nan kak neegihiidal, tr'ih chan. June teetl'an gwàndàa t'ee dzan keegii'in dàanàgąhdak. It'ee zhree Vashrąįį K'ǫǫ khehłan neegiidàl shin geenjit. Dąhthee vadzaih gahąą'yàa gwats'à' zhat gwìgwich'įį. Gwiizhik geh'òk van kak hàn gwinjik, k'ǫǫ gwinjik hee chihvyàa chagâadlii. Gwiizhik nìhk'yàa vadzaih vazhak yahahch'yą' hàa keegihi'ik.

Izhìk shreenyàa t'ee ginkhii Albert Tritt, Esias James, Isaac Tritt nąįį hàa Vashrąįį K'ǫǫ k'ineegiidàl ts'à' łyą̂ą dinjii gwànlįį. Izhìk dąį' Abel, George Tritt hàa tth'aii gwìtèegogwąhjii kwaa. Elijah Henry vigii nąįį Isaac, Jonas hàa chan goo'at kwaa. Zhat shin t'ee David Peter, Edna Christian oonjik. Sam Sam chan zhat chųų vats'an tr'iłtsąįį diigii tr'iłtsąįį.

Izhìk shin 1937 khaiinjii khàa gwìtèegwą̈ąhch'yaa ch'araadzaa. Fourth of

Simon and her children, Moses Sam and his family, and Gabriel Peter and his wife, these people were living around *Zheh Gwatsal* and *Ddhah Ghoo*.

After January 1937 we didn't go off this way or that (into the wilderness). We lived at Arctic Village and only the men went off into the wilderness.

Wood was hard to get, and up yonder, beyond the place they call *Dehtsii Doo'ąįį*, we camped at the edge of a glacier. I mean only the Peter household. We did very little there except for going off and getting wood from time to time.

Meanwhile, the Elijah Henry family lived at Arctic Village. After it warmed up we went back down there.

Now in the month of May all the people gathered in Arctic Village. From there they went up among the lakes for muskrat. Sometimes the families went too. At that time there were no boats at Arctic Village. If they were upriver during the spring breakup, they sometimes made rafts. Some of them also traveled around on land with pack dogs, and some by canoe. About the middle of June, they were through hunting muskrat. Then they stayed in Arctic Village for the summer. They lived there until they would see the caribou. Meanwhile, on the lakes of the area, along the river, and along the creeks they set fishnets. At the same time they looked in all directions "with something which even made the caribou's breath visible."[6]

That spring the preacher Albert Tritt, Esias James, and Isaac Tritt came back to Arctic Village, and so there were a lot of people. At that time Abel and George Tritt had not chosen wives. Elijah Henry's sons Isaac and Jonas had no wives either. That summer David Peter married Edna Christian. Sam Sam was also baptized there; they made him our Godchild.

That summer of 1937 we danced almost every evening. From the Fourth of

6. Field glasses

July gwats'an lidii khàa gwìtèegwą̃ą̀hch'yaa gahtsii Isaac (Tritt) va'at Bertha zhree t'ii'in. Oondàk ddhah tèe tr'iheedàa gwats'à' t'ee vizhìt dah dhach'aa. Ch'adhàh tr'ihchoo giyeenjit ìłtsą̀ą̀ ts'à' Gwichyaa Zheh gwats'à' nihts'èe giyą̃ą̀hchą̀ą̀. Ìt'ee zhat nìheedhàa łìi zhree. Izhìk shin t'ee Fourth of July ch'araadzaa hee kwaiitryah kanraa'yùu gwintł'òo ch'aradzaa ts'à' zhree.

Izhìk shin chan tr'inlę́ą̀ ts'à' Juunjik neerihiidal. Moses Sam vizheh k'aa, Sarah Simon digigii nąą̀ hàa, Gabriel Peter dizheh k'aa hàa izhìk t'ee Paul gôonjik tsyaa tsal nilį̀ą̀ ts'à' gavàa neehidik. Gilbert Joseph daga'at Maggie hàa chan, Soozun Peter, Joseph Peter, diikhwant'ee chan. "'Njuunjik' gwìk'ìrihêenjyaa" ginyaa dą̀ą̀' shòo ihłį̀ą̀. Gwichyaa Zheh njuu ginyaa dą̀ą̀' zhree njuu dachan vakak gwànlį̀ą̀ t'agàhnyaa. Aii k'ìt t'ôonch'yàa k'eeriheedàl t'igwinyaa yiihthan ts'à' shòo ihłį̀ą̀. Izhìk dą̀ą̀' t'ee Sarah Simon vik'ìighài' ch'ilik 168 ik'yăaljìk.

Oondàk tr'eedàa dąhthee njuu hąąl'yàa lì' yiihthan. Gohch'it zhree shitsuu Soozun oaałkàt, akhài' "Dèenyàa yeedìt ddhah nèekwą̀ą̀ nihk'èhdì' dha'ą̀ą̀ t'aràhnyaa," shàhnyaa. Chan hee shizhìt tr'idèegwâahch'ìt gàa zhàk ts'à' hee adaat'èeshich'yaa. Oondee dak khii njuu aii eenìriheedàa ginyaa t'igii'in. Izhìk t'ee nihts'ą̀ą̀ shin ddhah tee gwaał'yà' t'oonch'yàa.

Khaii hee tseedhàh eenjit gògwàntrii oondee Vashrą̀ą̀ K'ǫǫ dinjii gwànlį̀ą̀ kwaa, zheh k'aa tik zhrį̀ą̀ geetàk zhat gwich'į̀. Zhat shin łą̀ą̀ gwintł'òo divii eenjit diidivee gwinzį̀ą̀ kwaa. Aiitł'ęę oonaa neeriijil ts'à' chan Van Choo vęę łuk eenjit gwìts'èe rahòojil.

Zhat khaiits'à' nihk'yàa nihłik hee dinjii vadzaih eenjit gwich'į̀. Shaghoii David Peter shin gôonjik ts'à' t'ee Zheh Gwatsal hee gwats'à' gwatthan gwich'į̀. Tsyaa nąą̀ chan goohàa nèehiidàl.

July on, they made tea almost every evening. It was Isaac Tritt's wife Bertha who did it. When we were going to go up among the mountains, she suffered a hemorrhage. They made a skin boat for her and took her down to Fort Yukon. It seemed only for her to die there. That summer, when we danced for the Fourth of July, we made holes in our moccasins, we danced so much.

That summer many of us traveled to the *Juunjik*. Moses Sam and his family, Sarah Simon and her children, Gabriel Peter and his family. It was at that time that they adopted Paul as a small boy and he was with them. Gilbert Joseph and his wife Maggie, Susan Peter, Joseph Peter, and my husband and I also went. When they said we would travel *njuunjik* way, I was happy. In Fort Yukon when they say *"njuu"* they mean an island with a stand of trees on it. I thought they meant we would go to such a place, so I was happy! At that time I learned Hymn 168 from Sarah Simon.

As we were traveling up that way, I kept wondering when we would see the island with a stand of trees on it. Finally I asked my mother-in-law Soozun, "What you say? There are two mountains up ahead one behind the other. That is what we mean," she said to me. Again I felt awful inside, but I kept my feelings to myself. They had said they were going up to the last mountain and that's what we did. Thus I saw two summers in a row among the mountains.

During the winter beaver skins are hard to get and in Arctic Village there are no people. Sometimes only three households were there. That summer we were not fortunate in our sheep hunting. Later we came back and went to the shores of Old John Lake to get fish.

That fall the people went in different directions hunting for caribou. My brother-in-law David Peter was married that summer and lived alone (with his wife) on the way to *Zheh Gwatsal*. The young men also traveled with them.

It'ee Drin Tsal ts'à' gweedhaa ts'à' Van Choo vęę gwats'an Vashrą̀ą̨ K'ǫǫ gwìts'èerahòojil. Joseph Peter chan dineełèe hahaii kwaa. Khyą̨h dhidlii izhìk gwa'an łyâa gwintł'òo kogwìł'ą̀ą̨. Vilìk chan nizą̨. Gàa Drin Tsal, Drin Choo dą̀ą̨' khehłan dhidii.

Izhìk t'ee Drin Choo diihàa t'igwìndhàt January 1938 izhìk t'ee Zheh Gwatsal gehnjì' Gwak'àn Choo gagàhnyaa khyą̨h gaadlii khaiits'à' gwats'an hee. Joseph, Steven hàa zhree. Àkwàt March gwiizhik tr'iinin shi'yàa gòo'ą̀ą̨ ts'à' t'ee Drin Choo taa gwahaadhàt gwiizhik t'ee Gwichyaa Zheh gwats'à' tr'ahăa'òo. Zheh Gwatsal k'iitthàn ts'ą̀ą̨ łyâa diihàa dinjii kwaa diikhwą̨hzhrą̨. T'aa Dha'ą̀ą̨ tr'ą̂ą̨hàa gwats'an Zheh Gwatsal. Chùuluu nizą̨ ts'à' gwinzą̨ tr'ee'al. Zheh Gwatsal k'eerii'òo akhài' David Peter va'at it'ee niheedhaa eenjit iłts'ik łii zhat danandàa nindhat. Izhìk t'ee shin datthak Mary Jane gavaà neehidik. Vijyàa nindhat ts'à' t'ee "Nakhwàa neehihdyaa," shàhnyaa.

Then, since Christmas was approaching, we left Old John Lake and moved back to Arctic Village. And all the time Joseph Peter did not leave us.[7] He stayed out on the trapline for quite a while. His dogs were good. But for Christmas and New Year's he stayed in one place.

We spent New Year's Day there. In January 1938 Joseph and Steven had been trapping since fall at a place beyond *Zheh Gwatsal* they called *Gwak' an Choo*. I was due to have my child in March, so after the New Year's passed, we went to Fort Yukon. After *Zheh Gwatsal* we were on our own; there were no other people. We spent the night at *T' aa Dha' ąįį* then at *Zheh Gwatsal*. There was a hard-packed trail and the going was good. When we arrived at *Zheh Gwatsal*, we found that David Peter's wife (Edna) was mortally ill, and while we were there she died. All that summer Mary Jane had traveled with them. Her friend died, and so she told me, "I will leave with you folks."

7. Joseph was deteriorating in health, terminally ill with tuberculosis.

CHAPTER 4

Gwichyaa Zheh Gwats'à' Tr'ahàajil

Aii Edna danandàa vanàrąąhjìk tł'ęę t'ee Gwak'àn Choo nôonlyàa yeenjì' ts'ąįį tr'ahàajil aii shijyàa Mary Jane diihàa hàazhii ts'à' chùuluu kwaa ts'à' łąįį gàa diineelyaa kwàa. Łąįį ts'ìi chùuluu tr'ahtsii ts'à' tr'eedàa.

Gohch'it Gwak'àn Choo nijìn khyąh gaadlii k'eeriidàl. Dąąch'yaa tr'ą̂ąhàa izhìk gànaldàii kwàa. Izhìk chan gwats'an Gwichyaa Zheh gwats'à' ninghìt. Gwatthan gwilin tr'ą̂ąhàa gohch'it dèe shaghoii Philip Peter vanàh kak Khiitsik gòozhii k'eeriidàl. Aii łąįį k'àn nąįį chan łąįį nizįį ginlįį kwaa. Ga'al dąį' chan oonaa diigąąh'in digitsì' dak ach'agwąą'ee ts'à' treegogwaahtàl kwaa t'agavàihnyaa. Khaiinjii oonaa datthak tr'injil dǫhłìi, shreenan nihk'iidǫǫ tr'iinin shizhìt gwiizhik.

Khiitsik k'eeriidàl Gwichyaa Zheh gwats'à' gwintł'òo ninghìt kwaa. Zhat t'ôonch'yaa gwiizhik Philip k'inidik. Zhat khyąh dhidlii t'ii'in. Aiitł'ee t'ee oodì' diihàa neehòozhii gwintł'òo łąįį nizįį di'įį. Dachąąvał choo chan di'įį.

Izhìk dài' shoondee John Steven juk John Jonas vizheh Chief Esias Loolà vizheh gwinlì' izhìk tthankhįį gwich'įį. Izhìk dakkhįį zheh gwatsal gwizhìt tr'igwich'įį. Dr. Burke izhìk dąį' gwandàii. Izhìk zheh gwatsal gwizhìt t'ee shigii Hannah vagwànlįį Dr. Burke nurse hàa gwint'aii gaagal ts'an gwìłtsąįį.

CHAPTER 4

We Go to Fort Yukon

After they buried Edna in our presence, we went over around the east side by *Gwak'an Choo*. My friend Mary Jane went with us, and, as there was no trail, the dogs couldn't even haul us. We made a trail ahead of the dogs and thus we traveled.

At last we arrived in the vicinity of *Gwak'an Choo* where they trapped. I don't recall how many nights we camped there. Even from there it's a long way to Fort Yukon. We camped many times going down and finally we arrived at my brother-in-law Philip Peter's place called ***Khiitsik***. Those dogs were past their prime and were no good. I mean to say that as they were going along they would look back at us and stick up their tails (as if to flaunt them at us) and make no efforts to leave fast tracks! We walked almost all the way down, with me eight months pregnant.

When we arrived at ***Khiitsik***, Fort Yukon was not very far off. While we were there, Philip returned. He was trapping there. After that he went down with us, he had a lot of good dogs. He also had a big toboggan.

At that time my older brother John Steven lived in a small house in back of what is now John Jonas's house, and formerly was Chief Esias Loola's house. We lived there in the small house. Dr. Burke was living at that time. My child Hannah was born in the little house. She sure made Dr. Burke and the nurse run real hard!

Airplane zhìt tr'ookìt k'ooshizhii izhìk sheenjit gwinzį̀į tł'ęę April 1938 gwiizhik Bishop Trimble Rowe, Dr. Burke hàa Vashrą̀į̀į K'ǫǫ nirihee'àl ginyaa. Jim Dodson Norseman ch'àa choo neehą̀ąht'ee hàa zhree. "Neehindyaa jì' diihàa plane zhìt nindii," shàgàhnyaa. Oondee Vashrą̀į̀į K'ǫǫ giveenjit łihteedeech'ihihłyaa eenjit t'iginyaa. It'ee gavàa plane zhĺizhii tr'ookìt plane zhìt gwą̀ą̀l'in zhree. Izhìk t'ee shį̀į tr'ookìt Dinjii Zhuu ihłį̀į ts'à' Vashrą̀į̀į K'ǫǫ shigii tsal Hannah hàa plane zhat diihàa needaanąį̀į.

Zhat ginkhii Albert Tritt dhidii ts'à' t'ee Bishop Rowe, Dr. Burke hàa giginkhè' giveenjit łihteedeech'iihłyaa. Gilbert Joseph chan khik tr'iginkhii zheh neegwâahk'ik ts'à' ch'aahłàii nilį̀į. Aii t'ee James Gilbert, Alice Peter hàa gootì'. Goohan chan Maggie òaazhii.

Izhìk shin 1938 oondàk ddhah tee gwarą̀ą'yà' kwaa. Yeedee Van Choo zhrį̀į vęę tr'igwich'į̀į. Veelin chan khìk vadzaih tr'ahgą̀į̀į. Nilį̀į lii neerahaazhik gògwàntrii ts'à' nijìn vadzaih gwànlį̀į izhìk giiteech'aahk'èe izhìk veeghaii nìrinjik ts'à' tr'ahgą̀į̀į.

Aii shreenyàa Vashrą̀į̀į K'ǫǫ gwizhrį̀į gwihch'į̀į. Dinjii nąį̀į zhrį̀į oondàk dzan kee'in. Izhìk t'ee Harry Frank dahan k'ą̀ąhtii ninghìt neehidik geenjit veegògwàntrii ts'à' Vashrą̀į̀į K'ǫǫ hee t'iginch'yaa.

Zhat dą̀į' Jim Dodson neech'ahą̀ąht'ee gàa oondàk Vashrą̀į̀į K'ǫǫ gwalàràa kwaa ts'à' zhat gwą̀ąh'in kwaa. Gwichyaa Zheh hee gwà'àn gwitr'ìt t'agwah'in.

Jii neegwiidhat gwizhìt Vashrą̀į̀į K'ǫǫ gwindii gwizhrį̀į neerihiidàl. Yeenjì Van Choo ehnjì' Dyą̀ąhch'ì' David Vatthàl giyàhnaa gwà'àn googàa neehishinjik. Aii t'ee zhat khaii zhat gwà'àn khyą̀h tr'iheelyàa gwìnyaa eenjit shìh keerii'in zhree. Izhìk gwintł'òo shą̀hzhrį̀į kwank'it dhiidii hee naljat ch'yą̀ą.

I had my first airplane ride there after I recovered. In April 1938 Bishop Trimble Rowe and Dr. Burke said they would go to Arctic Village. Jim Dodson flew a big beat-up Norseman then. "If you're going to be leaving, come along with us in the plane," they said to me. They intended that I should interpret for them up at Arctic Village. So I went in the plane with them, the first time I rode in a plane. And at that time I was the first Indian to do this, and so the plane landed there at Arctic Village with us, me and my baby Hannah.

The preacher Albert Tritt was there, and when Bishop Rowe and Dr. Burke preached, I interpreted for them. Gilbert Joseph always lit the fire at the church and rang the bell. (This was a duty he took upon himself.) He was the father of James Gilbert and Alice Peter. Their mother was named Maggie.

That summer of 1938 we did not spend among the mountains. We only lived on the shore of Old John Lake. We always dry caribou along its shores. It is hard to carry fresh meat, so wherever we saw a herd of caribou we shot them where they were then moved to that site to dry the meat.

That spring I lived only at Arctic Village. Only the men went up to hunt muskrat. At that time Harry Frank was caring for his mother; it was hard for her to walk far, so they lived at Arctic Village.

At that time Jim Dodson was flying, but up at Arctic Village there was no money, so he didn't come there. He worked around Fort Yukon.

During this year we traveled only around Arctic Village. I even traveled to a place called *Dyąąch'i' David Vattha'l*, which is to the north of Old John Lake, to our east (from Arctic Village). We were planning to trap there that coming winter. Therefore we were hunting and gathering food there (to assess the hunting grounds, as it were). I was very afraid to stay at home by myself for long periods of time then.

Aii khaiits'à' t'ee Van Choo Vęę Zheh gòo'aii tr'igwich'ịị. Izhìk gwats'an nihk'yàa nagaazhrìi ts'à' nijìn vadzaih lęịị gaahkhòk dąị' gwats'à' tr'ihinjik. Gwîindhàa dąị' tr'ahgąịị van choo ndụhts'aii łąą tik nilịị gwintł'ǫǫ giłgąịị. Aii datthak zhik zheh gòo'ąịị jìhnyaa izhìk nineeraazhik. Zhat dehtsii dha'ąịị zhìt.

It'ee August nan gwîink'oo gwiizhik oodìt Van Ts'an Hahdlaii izhìk vadzaih choo "Khaiints'an" giyàhnyaa keeree'yà'. Joseph Peter, David, Steven nąịị hàa. Zhat gwaghàii gwirich'ii. Izhìk it'ee Joseph gwiizhik ełts'ik. TB hàa ełts'ik łii zhree. Googàa gwint'aii gwitr'it t'agwah'in. It'ee gwîink'oo ts'à' drah yi'èedok deegaa'aii aii kak vadzaih teeł'an k'eech'agat'aa aii oodàk gagahahjyàa. Gwiizhik t'ee Joseph gwintł'òo ełts'ik khaiitree googàa t'ii'in. Gohch'it David aii ełts'ik zheh gwats'à' yihiłchii. Ch'adhah tr'ihchoo hàa ts'à' it'ee Gwichyaa Zheh ełts'ik zheh nigiyąąhchịị łii.

Gwiizhik diikhwan aii Van Choo Vęę Zheh gwits'eerahòojil. Aii zheh t'ee Soozun vizheh. Tabitha vakąị' ełts'ik zheh dhidii ts'à' adant'ee diighaii zheh gwadhàh gwanąh'ee. Aii t'ee 1938 khaiits'à' t'igwii'in Izhìk t'ee Joseph vigii Jermi, John, Abraham, Joel chan zhat gwats'à' shreenyàa vagwànlịị, aii chan shịị hòołchịị. Vashrąịị K'ǫǫ gehdì' vagwànlịị.

That fall we were living at Old John Lakeshore House.[1] They hunted in all directions from this point, and when they killed many caribou we moved camp there. While it was warm we dried it; on the other side of the big lake are three places where they used to dry a lot of meat. And all that dried meat they brought to the house I mentioned and placed it in the cache that was there.

Then in late August when it started getting cold we moved down (to the east) to *Van(Va)ts'an Hahdlaii*. We went there to hunt bull caribou, which they called "*khaiints'an*."[2] Joseph Peter and David went with Steven. We lived there close together. Meanwhile it became obvious that Joseph was sick. (We didn't know it at the time but) he was (terminally) ill with TB. Even so, he worked very hard. Then it was so cold they built a very high open cache and tossed up the quartered caribou (rumps and shoulders).[3] All the while Joseph was very sick and even as he yelled out (in pain) he continued to work. Finally it was David who took him to the hospital. He took him down to Fort Yukon in a skin boat and took him to the hospital.

Meanwhile, we went back to Old John Lakeshore House. Soozun lived in that house. Since Tabitha's husband was in the hospital, she set up her tent beside ours. This we did in the fall of 1938. At the time Joseph's children were, Jermi,[4] John, Abraham, and Joel. (Joel) was born that spring and I delivered him! He was born a little ways from Arctic Village.

1. Peter John's house just below Peter John Mountain.

2. The name of the bull caribou in August before they go into the full rutting period. During the full rut bull caribou have a powerful odor and flavor. Literally 'faint smell of winter odor.'

3. The wind chill factor is very high in this area. In the winter and sometimes during the fall men cut the caribou into quarters with all the fur left on. The meat was stored in the open, and the fur helped preserve the meat and ward off predation. Frozen or raw rumps and shoulders are heavy.

4. Jeremiah. Jermi was a life-long pet name he bore.

Aii Van Choo Vęę Zheh tr'igwich'įį gwats'an oonjìt ndųhts'ąįį chihvyàa charaadlii. Myra chihvyàa chąąhtsùu vits'ìhnyaa, łąh chan charaadlii. Tan tth'aii vakak zhah kwaa oozhàk łyâa chèh gwats'à' ninghìt k'it t'ôonch'yaa. Łąįį hàa oonjì' neerihii'òo. Gwintł'òo Myra gwitr'it eenjit vigwil'in t'aihnyaa.

Izhìk David doondee ootthàn hiłchįį nats'àa k'inidik vànaldàii kwaa. Gàa t'ee izhìk khaiits'à' Gwak'àn Choo gwà'àn khyąh gaadlii Steven hàa. Izhìk t'ee shrìit'agwąhtsìi nìn giiłkhwàii ts'à' t'ee Drin Tsal ts'à' Gwichyaa Zheh gwats'à' łąįį hàa gahaa'òo. Zhat Van Choo vęę hee drin chil'ee zhìt tr'ahaak'yàa ginyaa.

Aii gwiizhik zhat than hee tr'igwich'ii ts'à' Myra hàa traa tr'ookyàa gwinyaa. Gwîink'oo gwiizhik traa tr'ikyaa gitr'igwii'ee ts'à' zhree. Łyâa diishìh gwànlįį łuk, nilįį gąih, nilįį tan kwaii gwànlįį. Dehtsii zhyąą vizhìt deegwadaa'ąi'. Jidìi ga'àa gavàa ih'àa. Soozun zhree łuk daagąįį tan vitsin vats'à' gòo'ąįį ahvir. Aii traa tr'ikyàa dìhnyaa traa lęįį tr'iłtsąįį. Aii gwiizhik t'ee Drin Tsal ts'à' nahgwàn. Aii traa t'àihnyaa datthak łąą diikwàntee dàk garahadâądlii. Dachaavał nèekwaii hàa oo'ęę neeraazhik.

Izhìk t'ee Velvet ts'eet'it can cigarette tr'ahtsii. Myra twenty-one years old nilįį googàa cigarette diłk'à' duuyee dinjii ndàh ch'iiłk'à'. Tabitha vizheh gwizhrįį ch'iriiłk'à', chiitąįį gwitr'it t'aragwah'in dąį' chan. Zhyąą ch'iriiłk'à' oozhìi tr'inlįį ts'à' t'igwii'in dǫhłįį. Harry Frank chan zhat dinee nìhèe ts'eet'it dinee k'aazhik ch'yąą. Jidìi Apple Sam giyàhnyaa gàa zhree. Vashrąįį K'ǫǫ gehdì' gwats'an t'ii'in.

Drin Tsal gwats'à' nahgwàn gwiizhik Steven, David hàa k'ineegii'òo. Ookit Gwichyaa Zheh k'eegii'òo ts'à' t'ee Joseph nakhwàa neehooshizhì' gavàhnyaa łii. Akwaa giyàhnyaa googàa t'ee goodeent'aii łii ts'à' airplane zhìt

We set a fishnet across the lake from our Old John Lakeshore House. Myra set out the net and I helped her, and we also put out set lines with hooks. There was no snow on the ice yet and it looked very far to the bottom. We went to it with dogs. I tell you truly that Myra was an expert and thrifty worker.

When David took his older brother down (to Fort Yukon) I don't remember how he returned. But that fall he and Steven trapped around *Gwak'an Choo*. When they had taken enough animals there and Christmas was near, they went to Fort Yukon with dogs. "We're going to spend New Year's Day on the shores of Old John Lake," they said.

Meanwhile, we were living there alone and so Myra and I said, "Let's cut wood." The reason was that we didn't want to do this while it was cold.[5] We really had plenty of food. There was fish, dry meat, and frozen meat. The cache was just full of it. Whatever they ate, I ate with them. Soozun boiled frozen whitefish with all its guts. As for the firewood I mentioned, we cut a lot of it. Meanwhile, it was near Christmas. We piled the wood in front of our dwellings. We brought it home two toboggan loads at a time.

At that time we made cigarettes with Velvet tobacco in a can. Myra was twenty-one years old but she still wouldn't smoke in people's presence. We only smoked in Tabitha's house, and also outside when we were working. I guess we were bashful about smoking. Harry Frank came there to visit us and he brought us tobacco. Even what they called "Apple Sam." He was coming from just this side of Arctic Village.

It was almost Christmas when Steven and David came back. After they arrived in Fort Yukon, Joseph asked to leave with them, it seems. They told him no, but even so he clung to them. So at last they made arrangements for him to come

5. Usually there are cold spells during the holidays. Note the division of labor.

ookyąą neeheedyaa giyeenjit gwìłtsąįį łii. Izhìk dąį' juu iłts'ik zheh dehk'ìt dahak dùuyèe oozhòk neehidik. Dinjii t'àii kwaa gwilìk izhìk Dinjii Zhuu nąįį gàagiindàii ts'à' zhat dąį' dinjii iłts'ik zheh dhidii gitr'igii'eè.

Van choo kak plane eenjit gogogwiiłkįį ts'à' it'ee Jim Dodson vàa needaanąįį. K'eiich'ii gòonjik aii chan k'aazhik. Zhat dachan zheh t'ee Drin Tsal, Drin Choo zhìt diihàa tigwindhat. Aii Drin Choo taa gwahàadhàt ts'à' t'ee gehkìt gwa'an traa gwànlįį geeghaii nìrindii. Izhìk t'ee tth'aii hee shìh lęįį gwànlįį.

Zhat tr'igwich'ii gwiizhik khan hee yeekyaa Vashrąįį K. ǫǫ gwats'an dinee k'eechangwâadhak. Elijah Henry dizheh k'aa, Moses Sam vizheh k'aa izhìk dąį t'ee Lilly vagwànlįį 1939 dąį', Sarah Simon digigii nąįį, Gabriel Peter dizheh k'aa, Lucy Frank, jii nąįį hàa k'eegiidàl. Shìh kwaa ts'à' jidìi nilįį gąįh tsal tr'ii'įį Soozun jidìi tsal hàa gootèenaandak. Googàa zhyąą k'it shìh t'iizhik. Gwiizhik nagaazhrìi gàa łyâą shìh gaahkhwaii kwaa. Łyâą akwaa gigiildaii ts'à' datthak dineełee gohòojil.

Shaaghan Lucy Frank aii diihàa gwìch'įį shaghoii Joseph chan neeshraach'yaa ts'à' naazhrìi kwaa. David, Steven hàa zhrįį.

Soozun chan chajàl ił'ąįį. Drin datthak jàł k'it dhidìi googàa geetàk łuk ch'ihłak tsal zhrįį hahchik. Adan zhrįį shìh tsal k'ąąhtii. Aii hàa diik'ąąhtìi datthak zhat khehłòk zheh k'aa tr'inlįį ts'à' jidìi tsal hàa danantl'àandak. Googàa łyâa Tabitha vigii nąįį tsyaa tsal ginlįį gwintł'òo goozhìt gwiłts'ik.

Gohch'it Steven aii yeenjì' Ch'at'oonjik gwats'à' tr'ahoo'òo shàhnyaa. Izhìk gwats'à' tr'ahaa'òo zhat Johnny Frank ninghìt dąį' gwinch'ì' łii zhree. Akhài' zhat dinjik diłk'ee aii gwintsàl vakak darahgąįį łąįį neeyiheelil ts'à' heedìi kwaa geenjit. Zhat njuu tee gòo'ąįį zheh chan zhat gòodlii. Gàa khan oonii shìh hàa goots'èe rahòo'òo.

Izhìk dąį' James Gilbert digitù' hàa Christian Village gwà'àn hee gogwich'ii. Albert Tritt chan Gwichyaa Zheh gogwich'įį.

by airplane. At that time, whoever got into a hospital bed could not get down and walk around. The *Dinjii Zhuu* knew that men became weak there and so people did not like to stay in the hospital.

They made a mark on the big lake for the plane and Jim Dodson landed with him. He also brought the stuff they had bought (while in Fort Yukon). There in the log house we spent Christmas and New Year's. New Year's passed and then we moved further down around where there was plenty of firewood. There was still plenty of food.

While we were living there, people quickly came to us from Arctic Village. These people came: Elijah Henry and his family, Moses Sam and his family (Lilly was born then in 1939), Sarah Simon and her children, Gabriel Peter and his family, and Lucy Frank. There was no food and so Soozun distributed a little to all among them of what little dried meat we had. Even so, the food went like nothing. Meanwhile, they hunted, but they killed no game at all. It was no use, and they all left us.

The old lady Lucy Frank lived with us, and my brother-in-law Joseph was in bad shape too so he did not hunt. Only David and Steven did.

Then Soozun went ice fishing. All day she sat at the fishing hole, even though sometimes she only got one little fish. She managed the food for all of us. We were one household and she distributed whatever food was available among us. Even so, Tabitha's children, being little boys, were so hungry.

Finally Steven said to me, "Let's go east to *Ch'at'oonjik*." We went to Johnny Frank's old house (at *Ch'at'oonjik*). As it turned out, he shot a moose there and we dried it slightly so it would not be so heavy for the dogs to pull. We were in a stand of trees there with a few houses around. (As much as we enjoyed it) we went back quickly with the food.

At that time James Gilbert and his father were living around *Zheh Gwatsal*. Albert Tritt and his family were living at Fort Yukon.

It'ee April gwandaa t'ee Steven "Gwichyaa Zheh gwats'à' shatth'àn hàa hihshyaa" nyaa. Łyą̂ą nilį̨ gą̨ih natsal hàa haazhii. Drin tik gwizhrį̨ Gwichyaa Zheh gwats'à' nîinzhii. Vakwaii ts'àt kak gàa chų̨ų̨dàl iltsą̨į̨.

Zhat dą̨į̨ David Wallis łihteedeech'eelyaa Gwichyaa Zheh hee. Aii vàanòodlit dìnk'iyąhthat ts'à' gwinzį̨į̨ vàanòodlit dìitth'ak. Aii yeenjit gwinzį̨į̨ eegwìintrat łìi, ts'à' t'ee Jim Dodson ookyą̨a dinjii teegògwą̨ąhch'yaa shìh niginlii łìi.

Izhìk ootthàn hahaii hee yeendee Salmon Vavàn vę̨ę nahohdàa shròo, zhree nyaa. Aii gwik'it t'igwiizhik. Aii hàazhii tǫǫ t'ee Tabitha vigii tsal Joel vakwàa. Iłts'ik ts'à' vàagwiindàii kwaa zhree.

Aii jyàa digwii'in gwiizhik Myra shàa gwich'į̨į̨ vee'į̨į̨ ootthàn hahaii hee dęhtl'yaa eenaahtsùu David Frank N.C. gwitr'it t'agwah'in ts'à' zhree. Izhìk shàagwaandak, "It'ee łyâa shitsų̨ų̨ nąį̨į̨ giveełee hihshyaa," shàhnyaa. K'eekaii naagą̨į̨ hàa iltsą̨į̨ ahtsii yat'ahaahch'yàa kwaii. Aii tr'ìilee ą̨h'į̨į̨ gwiizhik neech'adânąį̨į̨. Jim Dodson "Juu dee Myra ôaazhii?" nyaa gwiizhik ǫhtsùu dagą̨į̨ hee k'iitthàn plane ts'à' tr'âahtsit. "David Frank yankee ginkhii," yàhnyaa. At'oohjù' hee gitr'igii'èe gàa too late ts'à' t'ee Soozun "Aii vàa hìhshyaa," nyaa ts'à' yàa hàazhii. Aii jyaa diizhìk kwaa jì' nijìn gwandaa hee tr'ooheendal lì' Alexander Alexander łyâa oihjii yoiinyà'. Gaa aiitł'ęę 1940 shreenyàa tr'oonjik David Francis va'at gwats'à' nindhat aii yuunjik.

Aii Salmon Vavàn gwats'an Vashrą̨į̨ K'ǫǫ gwats'à' neerihoojyàa ginyaa. Shìh ninghùk kwaa ts'à' łą̨į̨ nąį̨į̨ neeshraahch'yaa. Shitsų̨ų̨ Lucy googàa dats'àt

Then in April Steven said, "I'll go to Fort Yukon on foot." With a tiny bit of dried meat, he left. He walked to Fort Yukon in only three days![6] He even got blisters on his toes.

At that time David Wallis was the interpreter at Fort Yukon. A white person raised him and he understood English well. He immediately made arrangements for Jim Dodson to bring enough food to hand out to all the people.

When he had set off to go down there, Steven said, "Do you suppose you folks could make it to the shores of *Salmon Vavàn*?" That's what we did. That night after he left, Tabitha's little child Joel died. He was sick, and we didn't know it.

While this was happening Myra was living with me. She gave her uncle (Steven) a letter to deliver to David Frank who was working at the N.C. store. At the time she spoke to me in confidence saying, "Now I will really leave my grandmother's family."[7] She made new things decorated with beadwork for herself.[8] She had all these things ready when the plane landed. Even as Jim Dodson was saying, "Who is called Myra," a little white bag was carried forthwith to the plane (by Myra herself). "David Frank has sent for her," he said. (As there was no previous discussion) only then did they not care for this idea, but it was too late. So Soozun said, "I'll go with her," and she left with her. If Myra hadn't done this, there's no telling when she would have been married. Alexander Alexander really wanted to marry her. But in the spring of 1940 she was married; David Francis, whose wife had died shortly before, married her.

From *Salmon Vavàn* they said "Lets all go to Arctic Village." There had been no food for a long time and the dogs were in poor condition. Grandmother

6. Approximately 145 miles.

7. Myra was 23 years old. At the time girls were married between 14 and 17 years of age.

8. *K'eekaii* usually means mittens, hats, gloves, and boots sewn and decorated with beadwork.

ilil, toh di'ịị ts'à' diihàa needyaa. Gwatthàn nèekwąįį tr'ą̂ahàa gwich'in. Izhìk Vyuh Zhrąįį Chuh tsik shriijaa neegwiilìk shreenyàa hee izhìk tąih kak nirindii.

Gwiizhik Gabriel Peter dizheh k'aa hàa Vashrąįį K'ǫǫ gwigwich'ịị. Gwiizhik shaghoii Joseph diihàa neeshrâahch'yaa, googàa t'ee jał k'it łuk eenjit dhidii drin hee. It'ee gwahgǫ' gwiizuu gwilìi gwiizhik Vashrąįį K'ǫǫ nineeriijil. Izhík chan nihk'yàa hee van kak chihjàl raadlii. Izhìk shụị, Alice, Steven nąįį hàa gehdìt van kak chihjàl raadlii. Tǫǫ datthak googàa łuk kwaa. Ts'à' oodụị neerahòojil akhài' vizheh gwadąįį nineeriijil akhài' vakąị' Gabriel łuk khàiinlii łìi chihvyàa dinjil łii. Łuk vir, łuk ch'yah ch'its'ik hàa dineenjit iłtsìt łìi. Gwintł'òo dinjii vilìdìi akąįį ch'yąą t'aìhnyaa. Vats'à' nihdèe ra'òo hee, "Lidii gwànlụị t'ǫǫ'," nyaa.

Shaghoii Joseph neeshrâahch'yaa ts'à' zhat Vashrąįį K'ǫǫ gwizhrụị vàa tr'igwich'ịị. Akhài' chan alar kwaa nànaadhàk ts'à' Steven Gwichyaa Zheh gwats'à' yeenjit ch'oondàii keehàazhii. 1939 shin gwiizhik. Steven Gwichyaa Zheh gwats'à' hahak dąị' shreenan ch'ìhłàk geenjit t'ii'in ch'yąą khan t'iizhìk t'àihnyaa.

Izhìk t'ee vahan Soozun chan ookyąą yàa neehòozhii łìi. Vàanòodlit Jack Kennedy ðaazhii chan. It'ee łąą Vatr'agwąągwaii ǫhts'ąįį gwi'ęę chụụ tthoo hàa gavàa neeshreeyaahch'yaa łìi. Googàa t'ee gavàa k'inidik.

Khan hee oodee gwakak ch'ahât'aii nigwiriił'in, Dachanlee hee. Aii t'ee geedan t'iginch'yaa łìi.

Lucy even pulled her own blanket, holding her cane as she walked with us. I think we camped two days going down. There at the mouth of Black Gull Creek grayling are abundant in spring and there we camped on the hill.

At the time Gabriel Peter and his family lived at Arctic Village. Meanwhile my brother-in-law Joseph's health was progressively getting worse, yet he sat all day at the fishing hole. Then just as breakup was making travel conditions bad we arrived in Arctic Village. There too, we went fishing on all the lakes in the area. On one occasion Alice, Steven and I went fishing one lake over (from where we were living). We fished the whole night but there were no fish. So we came back and by chance stopped in front of Alice's house. As it were, her husband Gabriel got some fish which had swum into the fishnet and got caught there. He had prepared boiled fish, fried fish, and fried fish guts for us.[9] I tell you that man could make some good tea! When we came into his presence he said (don't just stand there, can't you see) "There's plenty of tea!"

My brother-in-law Joseph was now in very poor health, and we stayed only in Arctic Village with him. It came to the point where he urinated only occasionally, and then Steven went to Fort Yukon to get some medication for him. This was in the summer of 1939. I tell you on this occasion when Steven went to Fort Yukon he did it in a hurry considering that a trip like this usually took him one month!

This time his mother Soozun came back with him, and also a white man named Jack Kennedy. Then on the other side of *Vatr'agwqqgwaii* Mountain she apparently became sick, vomiting bile. However, she came back with them.

Suddenly we saw a tarpaulin flapping in the breeze up on *Dachanlee*.[10] As it turned out, it was them.

9. *Ch'its'ik*, the fish guts, are cleaned and fried. They are chewy and rich. Formerly it was considered an omission not to serve them, like serving turkey without dressing.

10. A tarpaulin was hung up for protection against the elements.

Gwiizhik David khik oo'òk naazhrìi nihk'yàa neehidik gàa shìh dahkhwą̨ii kwaa. Aii hiljii gwiizhik t'ee gehndee chan kak vadzaih k'iinaa ah'àl łii. Tabitha aii oonaa sheenìlgik Noah izhík tsyaa tsal nilų̨. Oodee Peter Shajol vatth'ank'ìt izhìk gehkìt gwihų̨ił'ee k'iitthàn zheh gwadhàh veenjit gwinìrintthaii shaghoii Joseph zhree. Izhìk gwats'an nigiyiił'in łìi.

Gabriel Peter zhrų̨ zhree dinjii nilų̨ akwat aii jyàa dagàhnyaa. It'ee yeenjìt k'iinìn niinkwą̨ii ts'à' tł'eedik k'iindàk yats'à' ahaa. Oonìn Joseph "Yahahkhal t'iyah'in," yàhnyaa. Gwiizhik zhree Noah k'iindàk hàn tł'eedik k'iindàk zhree k'igwâanąii. Dinjii tsal nilų̨ ts'à' khan neehaagak, zhree t'ii'in. Gabriel vadzaih ts'à' ch'ą̨a'yaa gwiizhik Joseph iłts'ik neeshrâahch'yaa ts'à' t'inyaa. "Gwinzų̨ gwįhdàii dą̨i' ch'yaa lee t'ìhch'yaa lì'," nyaa ts'à' dink'ee noondak gwiizhik khaiitree. "Jyàhts'à' gwiyeet'ìi gweedhaa gàashandàii geenjit gwandàii nąii datthak ts'à' ihsų̨ gwìk'eegwiindàii ch'yaa kwaii geedaajìi?" nyaa.

Gabriel vadzaih yik'ànjìk ts'à' hee zhree nijùk zhree k'eegwaajil lì'. Ninghùk gwahàadhàt kwaa gwiizhik yeedàk gwats'à' ch'ahaak'ee tth'ak. Noah yatą̨ii hìlgìk vadzaih dǫǫ inghan t'inyaa łii. Ninghìt kwaa ts'à' t'ee chan dineek'anaagak. Shrii hòołtin kwaa łii nyaa. Gwiizhik t'ee shų̨i, Alice, Tabitha nąii hàa łą̨ii ghwàa hàa oodàk tr'ahàajil. Oodee k'eeriidàl akhài' Gabriel ch'adą̨i' hee nach'a'aa łii.

Tł'ee t'ee łyâa Joseph veenjit gwiizų̨ų̨ ts'à' "Shigìn dàa tr'oonjii," nyaa. Alice shik'èegwindàii àhnyaa. Alice aii gwik'ìt t'ahòo'yą̨' akhài' vadàa yintsą̨i'. Gwintł'òo aakin ch'igwîidlii t'inch'yaa. Tthàh yankeentthaii googàa dah gwats'à' hee dìłtin. Izhìk dą̨i' nahgwàn veegòo'ą̨ii geh'àn t'inch'yaa yàhnyaa.

Aii vàanòodlit Jack Kennedy chan yeenjì' Khiinjìk gwats'à' shàa dinjii

Meanwhile David was constantly hunting in all directions, but he killed no game. Then while he was gone we saw a herd of caribou just above us on the open tundra with scattered trees and willows upon it. As Noah was a small boy at the time, Tabitha ran up to (tell) me. We had set up a tent for my brother-in-law Joseph on a bluff just down a ways from Peter Shajol's grave site. They saw it from there.

Gabriel Peter was the only man, so they told him about it. Thereupon he paddled across (the stream) and was approaching them along the bank. Joseph could see him from where he was and said, "He's going to scare them off." Meanwhile, Noah disappeared up the riverbank. You see, he ran very fast because he was a small man. While Gabriel was sneaking toward the caribou, Joseph, who was in the weakened last stages of his illness, said, "I used to live so well and now I wonder why I am in this state," and all the while he would grab for his gun and yell out in pain. "I knew this would come to pass," he said, "therefore I made every effort to behave properly toward all living beings and now where are they?"

The caribou sensed Gabriel and then they just disappeared. After a short time we heard shooting up that way. It was Noah who ran after them and killed four caribou. It wasn't long before he came running back to get us. "I didn't take a knife," he said incredulously. At the same time now Alice, Tabitha and I went up with our pack dogs. When we arrived up there, Gabriel was already butchering the caribou.

After all that, Joseph became very ill and said, "Let blood be taken from my arm."[11] He asked Alice to do this to him. Alice started to do it, but his blood would not leave him. It was really very strange. She pricked him with an awl, yet the blood remained as if in a bag. Then because of that, she said the time of his going was near.

That white man, Jack Kennedy, asked if one of the men could go with him

11. Bloodletting was a common practice.

hoozhì' nyaa. Aii chan David yàa oonjì' hàazhii, ts'à' it'ee Gabriel, Alice hàa zhr̨ii diihàa. It'ee Soozun veenjit gwinz̨ii ts'à' tł'eedik gwihch'i̱ izhìk sheeghaii Joseph veenjit zheh gwadhàh gwinìrintthaii. Izhìk ts'àt zhìt dǫǫ tr'inl̨ii ts'à' oodą̨ą̨ nar̨ą̨ahchii.

Alice, Soozun, Tabitha, sh̨ii nąii hàa Fourth of July taa gwahàadhàt googàa gik'ìgwaanjik kwaa. Steven shìh kwaa ts'à' khik naazhrìi.

Ch'ìhłan van zhree yeendee tąih ch'ok ts'à' hihshyaa nyaa. "Tsin ts'à' k'eegwiich'yaa t'igwiizhik jì' shats'à' gohohk'an yùu," nyaa.

July 9, 1939 drin tł'an gwiizhik zhree Tabitha shats'à' nihdèiinzhii. "Yee'àt naghoii łyâa jùk neeshrâahch'yaa," shàhnyaa. "Nǫh'yà' jaghàii," shàhnyaa. Gwagwąkhan łą̨ą oo'àn hoiizhii.

Aii zheh gwadhàh zhìt k'iidhàh azhr̨ii choo hee gwanàgąh'ee vinjù' gweech'in zhree. Gwiizhik gishreen'àii ts'à' t'ee tr'iinin oodì' Alice karił'è'. K'iidhàh zhìt nihdèiizhii akhài' "Shatth'àn k'iindaa nǫǫhłii," nyaa ts'à' k'iidàk a'ee. "Shik̨ii chan nach'ǫǫhk'at," nyaa akhài' sh̨ii aii vik̨ii noiidii ts'à' dzaa shintł'èe tsùh deedhii'ą̨ii kak vikì' nii'ą̨ii. Gwiizhik Tabitha aii dzaa yeeghaii dhidii.

Aii oo'àn eezhuut'ineech'yà' tł'ęę zhree khaginhee. "K'eegwaadhat zhee kak k'adha'àk akòh shizhìi noiinjii," nyaa. Gogwąhkhan łą̨ą it'ee vizhìi tr'ihîiltth'at ts'à' it'ee zhree vakwàa. Gwintł'òo tsin ehdan gwànl̨ii. Tabitha łyâa K'eegwaadhat yats'à' tr'iinjìk one year datthak dak̨ii' k'eełtii. Ts'à' t'ee neeraatł'ii. Izhìk t'ee kwaiitryah vakwaiichan gwìltsą̨ii Steven veenjit dhałtsą̨ii zhìt naał'yùu. Akǫǫ jùu chan yak'àa giheekhyàa gǫǫ? Izhìk nindhat t'ee nakhwatì' zhee zhìt nigwìłjik vak'àa k'iteech'agòiihee ts'à' ch'ilik fifty chan vak'àa iilì. Second Chief nil̨ii gwiizhik t'iizhik. Dinjii kwaa akwat tr'injaa tr'inl̨ii ts'à' chan gehkìt tr'iginkhii zheh haak'oo gwehk̨ii nar̨ą̨ahchii.

east to the *Khiinjik*. So David went up with him, and then only Gabriel and Alice remained with us. Now that Soozun was feeling good, we set up a tent for Joseph down by the riverbank next to where I was living. Four of us took a blanket and carried him there.

Alice, Soozun, Tabitha and I went right through the Fourth of July and didn't even know it. There was no food and Steven hunted constantly.

One morning he said he was going up to the pointed hill above us. He said, "If anything adverse should happen, then be sure to signal me with a fire."

On July 9, 1939, at mid-day Tabitha came in to me. "Your brother-in-law over there is now very ill. Why don't you go see him," she said to me. I went over immediately.

In the tent they had set up a big black mosquito net that one could see through. As it was still daylight, we sent a child to fetch Alice. Just as I stepped into the mosquito netting he leaned his head forward and said, "Put my legs out straight." He said, "Put something under my head," and it was I who sat before him and placed a pillow upon my lap and laid his head there. Meanwhile, Tabitha sat beside him.

After he touched her with affection he started to pray. "Lord in heaven, send your messenger to take my breath," he said. At that moment his breath began to expire, and then he was gone. It was very calm. Truly the Lord gave Tabitha strength. For all of one year she took care of her husband, and so we dressed him. On this occasion I put on him a pair of moccasins with beaded bands around the heels which I had made for Steven. Well then, who was there to pray over him? At the time of his death I read the Lord's Prayer and sang Hymn Fifty over him. He died while he was Second Chief. You see there were no men, only us women, so we laid him in the church before rigor mortis set in.

Gwiizhik t'ee Noah aii oodit Halii Vàn izhìk Sarah Simon digii nąįį hàa gwich'įį nąįį eenòozhii. Aii gwats'an chan aii Sarah vigii ch'ìhłak hàa chan oodee Van Choo vęę Christian Choo dikyuii Peter hàa gogwich'įį chan eenàgaa'oo.

Aii vishrìi narąąhjìk tł'ęę t'ee ts'ivii tsal kwaii akoh riizhal. Aii gwąąh'in łii ts'à' t'ee oonaa neehòozhii łìi Steven.

Zhat khaa gwiizhik t'ee Christian Choo, Peter hàa k'eegii'òo. Dachan zheh chanchyàh khaginlii ts'à' aii dachan tyąh giyee iłtsąįį. Aii Christian jyàa digiizhìk kwaa jì tr'injaa tr'inlįį ts'à' khałuu riheetthàa dǫhłìi.

Shehkìt tr'iginkhii zheh gwizhìt eenjik googàa łàa shee gǫhłii t'oonch'yaa kwaa. Tr'igwidii diits'à' gwaa'in googàa yinjìrintł'òo. It'ee łyą̂ą hanjìch'iidhat adan gàa geechèendàk jaghàii tr'iheetrèe gǫǫ. Aii iłts'ik dąįį' gwazhak gwalàt chan shìh kwaa.

Izhìk t'ee shìh kwaa dôonchy'àa gik'ăaljìk. Shitsųų Soozun chan khik gwaandak dąįį' shìh kwaa geegwandàk, ts'à' tr'iilee gàagwiindàii. Googàa łąą dineenjit gǫhłìi t'oonch'yaa kwaa. Gàa geetàk hee nan kak datthak dinjii naanii k'ìt sheenjit t'oonch'yaa neegwiilìk.

It'ee shaghoii vakwaa ts'à' it'ee khanàrahaandàii gwizhrįį. Vadzaih chan goonyaa ts'à' gwiizhik gwintsàl zhat gwirinch'į' tł'ęę t'ee vadzaih kheeràa'in. Oodak Vatr'agwą̂ąhgwaii kak hee kharàandii. Izhìk vadzaih tsal veegwitr'it t'aragwahah'yàa gąąhch'yaa zhrįį teech'iiłk'ee Steven aii. Aii t'ee gǫǫ hee tr'iłgąįį ts'à' ants'a' Van Choo ts'à' tr'ahàajil. Tabitha chan diihàa digii nąįį neehaazhik. Zhat shin łyą̂ą vadzaih gwànlįį kwaa. Vadzaih tsal teeneech'aahk'èe ndàa nihłik hee.

Gohch'it zhree Van Choo di' nàa'ai' ddhah kak hee neerihiidàl. Zhat gwà'àn Elijah Henry, ginkhii Albert hàa goorahąąh'yàa jì' eenjit. Akhài' zhree zhat gwà'àn tsii gił'ąįį tr'ąąh'yà'. Izhìk tr'igwich'įį gwiizhik łyâa shin gwats'à'

Meanwhile, Noah went down to *Halii Van* where Sarah Simon was living with her children. He went on from there with one of Sarah's sons to the shores of Old John Lake where Christian Choo and his grandson Peter were living.

After we made him ready, we set some small trees afire. Apparently Steven saw this and came back.

That evening Christian Choo and Peter arrived.They took boards out of a log house and with them they made him a coffin. If Christian had not done this, perhaps we women would have dug a grave in the earth.

His remains were in the church just below me, yet it did not afflict me. We felt sorrow, yet our minds were steadfast. He himself had been tired of his suffering, so why should we cry? You see, sometimes we had no food because of his illness.

It was then that I found out what famine meant. When my mother-in-law Soozun told stories, she always told about famine, so we knew to be prepared, yet it meant nothing to us. Yet it seemed to me sometimes that there were no other people in the world.

Now that my brother-in-law was gone it was imperative that we go out and get food. We were expecting the fall caribou migration, and after we stayed there for a while we saw them. We set up camp upon *Vatr' agwqqgwaii*. We stayed there long enough to work on the few caribou Steven shot. We dried that in no time and moved on to Old John Lake. Tabitha brought her children along with us. That summer there were very few caribou. Now and then he shot a few caribou.

Finally we went up into the mountains at the other end of Old John Lake. We were hoping to see Elijah Henry and the preacher Albert around there. Then we saw the cache they had there. While we were living there it snowed during the

gwìgwiin'aii hee chan diihàa tǫǫ ąhshùu. September gwiizhik it'ee łyâa neehaagǫ' kwaa t'ii'in łii.

Izhìk t'ee tr'ookìt dinjii nich'iit'uu aii t'ee Tabitha shikì' nich'int'ìi shàhnyaa. Nineteen years shàa neegwâadhat gwiizhik. Tr'ookìt akwaa vàihnyaa akhài' łyâa sheenjit gwìizuu t'iihnyaa shàhnyaa. Akhài' zhree gwinzį́į gwinìch'iit'uu.

Ąhshùu ts'à' t'ee Van Choo vęę gwits'eerahòojil. Łą́ą́į tł'yah dìrinlii ts'à' Van Choo Vęę Zheh shitsǫǫ Soozun gwìgwich'ii k'ineeriidàl. 1939 khaiits'à' t'igwii'in.

Izhìk gwats'an t'ee zhat khaii chan ootthàn Gwak'àn Choo k'iitthàn khyą̀h tr'iheelyàa eenjit tr'ahàajil. Akhài' diishìh kwaa nàgwaanąą́į gwiizhik łą̀ą ginkhii Albert diik'at deedhizhii. Aii chan vàa Khiinjik gwits'eerahòojil. Izhìk hee Esias James zhat vizheh gòo'ą́ą́į izhìk tr'igwich'ii. Tabitha hàa zhr̨į́į nich'it tr'inl̨į́į. Izhìk t'ee Drin Tsal, Drin Choo hàa zhìt tr'aahk'į́'. Izhìk t'ee Esias James vizheh ts'ìvii jil chanchyàh nil̨į́į gwizhìt ch'araadzaa ch'yaa. It'ee 1940. Izhìk dą̀į' gwintł'òo shindèe gwiłts'ik ginkhii Albert gàa shindèe gwinìch'int'uu.

Izhìk Gwak'an Choo khyą̀h Steven tineegwìłjik ts'à' t'ee Khiinjik tthàn Gwichyaa Zheh gwats'à' tr'ahàandii diikhwan zhr̨į́į. Łą́ą́į shaachaa lèe, t'iihnyaa. Ookit Khiitsik hee shaghoii Philip vizheh gòo'ą́ą́į izhìk k'eerii'òo. Zhat gògwich'ii kwaa łii. Shaghoii zhr̨į́į oodį́į nìnidìk łii. Izhìk gwats'an t'ee Gwichyaa Zheh k'eerii'òo. It'ee iłts'ik zheh shik'èegį́ł tį́į. Gohch'it geechashandak ts'à' akhàgoiihnyaa. 1940 shreenyàa izhìk chan yeedìt Vi'iidzee K'ǫǫ Arthur James vàa adaragoo'gǫ̀ chan nyaa.

Aii shreenyàa t'ee Myra iłts'ik zheh gwitr'it t'agwah'in. Zhat gwiizhik t'ee David Francis oihjii yuunyaa.

night, much to our surprise as it seemed that the summer barely passed. It was September already and surely it would not melt now.

Tabitha asked me to bleed her temples and that was the first time I ever made an incision on a person. I was nineteen years old at the time. At first I told her no, but then she said, "It's really hurting me." As it turned out I made a good incision.

Then it snowed, and we went back to the shore of Old John Lake. We hitched up the dogs and went to Old John Lakeshore House where my mother-in-law Soozun was living. This we did in the fall of 1939.

Then we went from there that winter to trap down around *Gwak'an Choo*. Then just as we ran out of food the preacher Albert came upon us. We went with him to *Khiinjik*. There we lived in the house of Esias James. Tabitha and I were the only young women. We were there during Christmas and New Year's. There we used to dance in Esias James's house, which had a floor of young spruce tree planks. Then it was 1940. At that time my eyes ached a great deal, and the preacher Albert even made an incision in my eyes.

Steven took up his traps at *Gwak'an Choo*, and from *Khiinjik* we moved down to Fort Yukon, just the two of us. I don't mean to say that the dogs were carrying me along! We arrived down at *Khiitsik* at the house of my brother-in-law Philip. They were not living there at the time, as it were. It was my brother-in-law alone who came up to the house from time to time. From there we went to Fort Yukon. From then on they began to take care of me at the hospital. I finally left as it was so tiresome there. Then in the spring of 1940 Arthur James requested that we pass the breakup time with them at *Vi'iidzee K'ǫǫ* (which we did).

That spring Myra worked at the hospital. At that time David Francis asked to marry her.

CHAPTER 5

Vi'iidzee K'ǫǫ

It'ee chan yeedìt Arthur James gwinzı̨ı̨ t'inyaa nyaa ts'à' izhìk chan gwats'à' tr'ahàandii. Aii datthak lèe "Neełą̨ı̨ shahaachak lèe," t'iihnyaa. Łą̨ı̨ k'àn nąı̨ı̨ nehshrit gah'àl nąı̨ı̨ zhree. Nijìn gwîindhaa hee dzan eenjit khyą̀h tr'iłdlii. Van nitsìi vęę zhree tr'igwich'ı̨ı̨.

Gwiizhik Gwichyaa Zheh dinjii łahaadàa shrôonch'yaa gwahaatsyàa zhree gwinyaa. Izhìk gwats'à' Arthur nechòondii. Vilìk nizı̨ı̨ t'ii'in adan. Izhìk dą̀ı' Scully, Dorothy, Jingàa, aii nąı̨ı̨ tr'iinin ginlı̨ı̨ Roland chan vizhùudii.

Tł'ęę chan zhree Steven oonjì' nihihshyàa nyaa ts'à' zhree hàazhii. Traa googàa shi'ı̨ı̨ kwaa gwiizhik zhree. Akwat shı̨ı̨ aii tr'igwı̨hjìk khan t'iheenjyàa t'inyaa oiihnyaa zhroo. Gwiizhik Bessie four years three months old nilı̨ı̨ Hannah chan two years two months hàa nilı̨ı̨.

Shą̨hzhrı̨ı̨ two noiihàa gwiizhik łą̨ı̨ ch'ìhłak zhrı̨ı̨ chan hadhaldìi aii zhree gwintsàl ch'iitth'ak.

Gwiizhik nąątin gwànlı̨ı̨ aii chan zhah zhìt yeezhòk hee nàndaa'ee. Aii chan van vęę gòo'ą̨ı̨ ts'à' tsił gwànlı̨ı̨ aii zhah drin gwànlı̨ı̨ dą̀ı' geełèe hihkhìt. Aii gwideetit chan tr'iinin nąı̨ı̨ naal'ìk gwiizhik traa iht'ìi.

CHAPTER 5

Great Horned Owl Creek

Then, saying that Arthur James had made a good suggestion, Steven and I went (down) there. And even once did I ask that his dogs carry me? No. Those dogs were in such poor shape they could hardly go. When it was warm we set traps for muskrat. We lived on the shore of a very big lake.

Meanwhile they said people were gathering in Fort Yukon for a celebration. That's when Arthur and his family left. He had good dogs, so it was possible for him to do this. At that time Scully, Dorothy and Jingàa were children and Arthur's wife was pregnant with Roland.

Then, saying that he was going (to Fort Yukon), Steven also left. This while I didn't even have any firewood! You see, I was naive and I thought he intended to come back right away. At that time Bessie was four years and three months old, and Hannah was two years and two months.

After I had spent two nights by myself, the one dog that I had with me heard some little thing.

There was a lot of dead wood, but it was lying way under the snow. As I was at the lakeshore, there were a lot of hard crusty snow drifts, and during the day I would shovel the snow away. In between doing that and checking on the children once in a while, I cut firewood.

Gwiizhik hee yeedąą ts'aii Peter William digii Walter hàa k'eełąįį gavaachak. It'ee geedan t'ee Gwichyaa Zheh gwats'à' gee'àl zhree. Peter k'idik gògwąhkhan łąą "Dinjii kwaii geedaajìi? nyaa. "Arthur ninghìt dąį' hee Gwichyaa Zheh gwats'à' hàandii," vàihnyaa. "Steven aii nihk'yàa gwats'à' hiljii?" shàhnyaa. "Akwaa," vàihnyaa, "adant'ee drin nèekwąįį gwanaa dąį' oonjì' hàazhii," vàihnyaa. Łyâa dinjii shòo dhidlìt kwaa. Lidii dhaa geenì' ts'à' Walter t'àhnyaa. "Yaaghà' nakhwalàk traa tsal vee k'eech'aroohtrìt tł'ęę neerahoo'òo," àhnyaa. Gwik'ìt t'igiizhik ts'à' t'ee yeenjì' gahà'òo. Izhìk łyâa geet'iindhan kwaa ts'à' t'ee, "Diihàa hìnhaii," shàhnyaa. Izhìk chan Steven gitr'ihee'ee yiihthan ts'à' kwaa vàihnyaa. Vadzaih nilįį chan shantl'èe gąhtsìt.

Gohch'it chan drin deetak ch'ìhłak łìhteegwindhat. Chan zhree shilìk yikii ts'à' chikìizhaa akhài' yeenii Yukon gwats'an Paul Kelly shee k'idik. Aii chan shòo dhidlìt kwaa. Shìh tsal yeelyaa nihdąąhjil aii hàa lidii dhaa eenì'. "Yeedak Peter William vatąįį vadzaih kahihshyàa shi'in," shàhnyaa. Aii chan zhree yeedàk zhree k'igwăanąįį. "Drin tik duulèe haljyaa," shàhnyaa.

Aii drin tik gwìndhàt tł'ęę chan k'ineełąįį yaachak. "Dôonch'yaa tth'aii hee dinjii kwaa," chan hee shòo neeholìt kwaa. Aii gwiteegwą̂ąhch'yaa chan tr'agwaanduu gìginkhii t'agavàihnyaa. Aii chan, "Yeetthàn ninghìt kwaa tr'igwich'ii t'ôonch'yaa zhyąą shàa neehìndìi," shàhnyaa. Shêedlaa ts'à' "Sha'at vadzaih kaihshee ch'yąą tr'injaa veek'ineehałchik. Gwiizhik Steven chan k'inidik jì' chan va'at haajyaa," nyaa ts'à' shêedlaa. Tł'ęę t'ee vadzaih tthąį' shantl'ąhtsìt. Chan hee neeshôaakàt gàa akwaa vàihnyaa.

Aii gwats'an dǫǫ gwą̂ąhaa gohch'it dee yeenii zhree neekwąįį nąįį tr'eełąįį yàatsit. Khan neegee'àl akwat Steven t'ii'in kwaa gàashandàii. Yeendaa ch'iitsii kak khik lidii tyąh doo'ąįį.

It was then (while I was struggling in this way) that I saw Peter William and his son Walter riding on their dogsled toward me from the south. They were going to Fort Yukon also. As soon as he arrived, Peter asked, "Where are all the men?" "Arthur and his family went to Fort Yukon a long time ago," I told him. "Is Steven out around here?" he said to me. "No," I told him. "He went up about two days ago himself." I say, this man really became distressed by my situation. They drank hot tea and then he said to Walter, "Let's quickly cut a little firewood for our relative here and then we'll go." They did that and then they started out. At the time he was really aggravated by my predicament and so he asked me to go along with them. Steven wouldn't like that either I thought and said no to him. They also gave me some caribou meat.

Finally one week passed. Then my dog barked again and when I stuck my head out I saw Paul Kelly arriving from the Yukon. He also was not happy about my situation. He brought in a little food that he was carrying and drank hot tea with it. "I'm going to go up on Peter William's trail for caribou," he said to me. Then he too disappeared up the way. "I'll be gone perhaps three days," he told me.

After the three days passed, he came back with the dogs, saying, "There are still no people; what could be the matter?" He again became aggravated by the situation. I mean to say that between the two of them (Peter William and Paul Kelly) they swore a lot! "We don't live very far from here, why don't you just leave here with me?" He was laughing at me as he said, "My wife is expecting me to bring back caribou, instead I'll deliver a woman to her! In the meanwhile if Steven should come back, his wife will be gone!" After this jiving he gave me some caribou meat. He asked me again, but I said no.

Four nights after that, at last two people came by dogsled upriver. They were going fast, so I knew it was not Steven. There was always a teapot on the stove.

K'ineełąįį gavaachak Peter William, Walter hàa t'igii'in łii. Łąįį dàngiłchaa ts'à' łąįį shìi chan nihdèeginlii tł'ęę zhree "Tt' 'aii hee nan zhrįį gwinch'įį łii," shàhnyaa. "Yeenii t'ee nakąį' needyaa t'ôonch'yaa," shàhnyaa. "Gwichyaa Zheh shrôonch'yaa łąą zhree gwats'an tr'eeroojyàa k'ìt t'ôonch'yaa kwaa," shàhnyaa.

Izhìk dąį' t'ee Ellen, Abel Tritt yùunjik. April 1940 dąį'.

Vi'iidzee K'ǫǫ idirigwìlgò' ts'à' łuu hàajik tł'ęę gehnìn neeriinjil. Arthur vitr'ih chòo hàa. Nats'àa k'ǫǫ gwatsal tr'igwìn'èe deegoozhii gànaldaìi kwaa izhìk njaa tr'oohaak'ee ginyaa t'igii'in. Aii Teegwìilnąįį gagàhnyaa jì' gànaldàii kwaa.

Dats'an goaahk'ee tł'ęę t'ee zhree Arthur dats'an tr'ahgąįį gwiizhik oonjì' Gwichyaa Zheh gwats'à' tr'ihchoo hiłłit aii chan zhree hàa hàazhii Steven. Drin tik geenjit t'igii'in. Arthur jidìi t'ii'in dąį' nagol'in kwaa. Aii gwiizhik kwank'it tr'iilk'įį.

Drin gwiizhik zhree yeedįį teeghaii zhree tr'eekwaa. Akhài' zhree David Simple t'ii'in łii. Yeekìt Annie ts'à' zhree gwik'ìnzhii.

Drin tł'an gehndàa three o'clock gwàndàa zhree khan hee zhree David ch'ahdoo. Akhài' Yukon oondàa gwatł'an oonjìt zhree kii tsal khàiin'ee kak zhree vadzaih nàdhat t'ahnyaa łii. Jù' ch'ahdoo gohch'it zhree Annie zhree t'àshahnyaa, "Shijyàa, nan zhree oondàk Neets'ąįį indi' akwat vik'èegondaii jàghàii," shàhnyaa. Thirty-thirty hadhaltin zhyąą oonjì' oąąłk'èe akhài' dǒołk'ee gwik'it t'aanąįį. "Well din shijyàa," shàhnyaa. Łyâa shee tsin tèegwiilnąįį t'iihnyaa.

It'ee zhree David tr'ih tsal hàa yats'à' hàakwąįį. Tły'ah hàa oonii neeyąąhłìt ts'à' yeezhee teeghaii tèeyiłchįį izhìk niyił'aa. It'ee chan zhree nilįį lii tr'a'aa. Nan tsiik'ìt chan valàt gwizhìt rąhtsìt David chan ditsụụ nąįį ts'à' neech'ihìłtsit.

It was Peter William and Walter whom the dogs were carrying toward me. They tied up the dogs and brought in the dog food, and then he said to me, "It looks like you're still living here alone. Your husband is coming up the way. While there is a celebration in Fort Yukon it's not as if one wants to leave there," he said to me.

At that time Abel Tritt married Ellen. That was in April 1940.

We spent the spring in *Vi' iidzee K' ǫǫ* and after the ice moved out we moved down a ways from there with Arthur's boat. They were going to hunt black ducks at a small creek whose name I don't recall. It may have been the place they call *T' eegwiilnąjj*.

After they shot the ducks and while we were drying the ducks, Arthur took the boat upriver to Fort Yukon and Steven went with him. They spent three days there. Whenever Arthur was doing something, he never waited around. Meanwhile we stayed at the campsite.

While it was still daylight someone came canoeing toward us close to shore. It turned out to be David Simple. He walked over to Annie's.

It must have been past mid-day, a little after three o'clock, when suddenly I heard David shooting his gun in rapid succession. As it turned out, there was a caribou standing on a small rocky knoll that protruded from what at low water would have been a sandbar, halfway across the Yukon. He shot and shot, and finally Annie said to me, "My friend, you were up north among the *Neets' ąjj*, why don't you give it a try?" I had a 30-30 so I just shot at it and it fell right where it stood! She said to me, "Well done, my friend!" I say, unexpected good fortune really came my way.

Then David paddled over to it in a canoe right away. He floated it over to us with a rope and dragged it onto the riverbank and butchered it there. Then once again we ate fresh meat. We also put some of it in the cellar, and David took some of it back to his grandmother.

Zhat tth'aii tr'igwich'įį gwiizhik zhat Ned Thomas daga'at hàa chan k'eegii'òo. Gògwąhkhan łąą Maria chihvyàa chiin'àt ts'à' łuk chan tr'a'aa. It'ee geedan chan Gwichyaa Zheh gwats'à' geedàa t'igii'in. Izhìk zhree Abel, Ellen hàa goohàa k'eegii'òo. Geedan chan tr'ihchoo tsal neegahahłak. Gwiizhik t'ee David James chan k'eetr'ihchoo ahłàk Deenduu gwats'an. Gwichyaa Zheh gwats'à' t'igii'in.

It'ee zhree Arthur oonjì' gahàajil ts'à' diikhwan aii Abel vàa oonjì' tr'ahàajil engine tsal t'agah'in akwat. Gwichyaa Zheh geeneedìt juu tsal nehshrit k'eeriidàl.

Gwiizhik Steven engine hàa hatrak ts'à' gohch'it zhyąą Abel oonjì' hàakwaii ts'à' David James danankàt tr'ihchoo iłłìt. Aii k'ìighai' t'ee Gwichyaa Zheh k'eeriidàl.

Izhìk dąį' tth'aii hee oodì' zheh gòodlii. Chief Esias vizheh geeghaii zheh gwadhàh gwanàrąh'ee. Akhài' chan gehzhee zheh hee tł'ęę tr'igwich'įį. Izhìk t'ee khaiits'à' shigii Paul vigwihèelyàa zhree.

While we were still living there, Ned Thomas and his wife also arrived. As soon as they set up camp, Maria set out her fishnet and then we also ate fish. They were also going to Fort Yukon at that time. It was then that Abel and Ellen arrived with them. They also had a woman's canoe with a small engine.[1] Meanwhile, David James also came in a boat with a small engine from *Deenduu*. They were going to Fort Yukon.

Well then, Arthur's family left and we went with Abel as they all had small engines. It took quite a long time. We barely got to a small island down from Fort Yukon.

While Steven kept pulling on the starter cord of the little engine, Abel finally just paddled across. David James came to get us with his boat. It was with his help that we arrived in Fort Yukon.

At that time the houses were still down at the old village. We set up a tent beside Chief Esias Loola's house. Then we started living in the house again. That fall my son Paul was born.

1. A large canvas-covered canoe, 14-17 feet long and about 3 feet wide with a 15-horsepower engine.

CHAPTER 6

Gwichyaa Zheh

June gwiizhik t'igwii'in. Aii shin datthak Gwichyaa Zheh gwirich'įį. Zhat dąį' Old Crow gwats'an oonii nìneegiidàl. Gwilin Eunice Carney vahan Eliza Ben shàa indì'. Old Crow gwats'an tr'ihchoo tinèelak dąį' nilįį gąįh shantł'àhchak.

Aii June ihtł'ee goodhat tł'ęę Fourth of July neegahahtsyàa gwats'à' t'ee shoondee Chief Esias ts'iginyaa ts'à' tr'il chigiin'ąįį. Chigiyin'ąįį tł'ęę t'ee łuk vizhìnjil. Aii chan jidìi tsal ts'à' khagiyidint'uu gwitèegiłtsìt. Tr'ookìt tr'il zhìt łuk t'aadhàk dąį' jyàa dìgìi'in.

Aiitł'ęę Fourth of July zhìt Bishop Trimble Rowe shìh gwats'an iłtsąįį aii hàa łuk choo dizhìnjil hàa t'ee vikeech'igiłch'yàa. Gwintsii khaiinkǫǫ shìh gwats'an iłtsąįį t'àihnyaa. It'ee digwitr'ìt ts'an neehaazhìi geenjit.

Gwichyaa Zheh dąįį hee nihk'yàa gwich'in nąįį nineedàl. Draanjik, Ch'ôonjik Deenduu, Shoo, Venetie, Circle jii gwich'in nąįį datthak łàneegaadàl. Aii nąįį datthak gii shìh in'àl. Geetak chan gwinee'òk gwich'in nąįį chan. Datthak chan kwaiitryah tsoo hee zhàngaa'yùu, it'ee Gwichyaa Zheh teegadàl ts'à' nihtee neegihiidàl. Aii Fourth of July gwataa gwahadhak ts'à' t'ee nihk'yàa chan nèegihiidàl.

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CHAPTER 6

Fort Yukon

We did this in June. All that summer we lived at Fort Yukon. At that time people came and went from Old Crow. Eunice Carney's mother Eliza Ben stayed with me on many occasions. When the boat came in from Old Crow, she gave me dried meat.

After June passed, we would have the Fourth of July, and then my older brother, John Steven, helped Chief Esias to set up a fishwheel. After they set it, the fish went in. They cut that fish into little pieces and gave some to everyone. This is what they did with the first fish catch in the fishwheel.

After that, on the Fourth of July, Bishop Trimble Rowe donated some food, and with that and the salmon that went in the fishwheel they made a potlatch. It was the last time that he donated food and I say he gave a lot of it! It was because he was departing to rest from his life's work.

During the early spring, the people dwelling in the vicinity came to Fort Yukon. All the people of *Draanjik, Ch'ôonjik, Deenduu, Shoo,* Venetie and Circle gathered on this occasion. All these people partook of his meal. There were people from some other places too. All of them wore new moccasins and walked around Fort Yukon mingling with one another. The Fourth of July passed and they went off in their separate directions.

Chief Esias Loola aii tr'il dak gwich'ǫ̀ aii chan jùu vàa goihch'ǫ̀' yuunyaa chan yàa gwich'ǫ̀. Izhìk shin 1940 tr'iinin shi'yàa ts'à' Gwichyaa Zheh tr'igwich'ii. Dinjii shrinilii chan kwaa ałts'ik k'ą̀ąhtii zhrǫ̀ zhat ałts'ik zheh dhidii. Shakǫ̀' gwànlǫ̀ gàa oonii neeshagąą'ìk tr'il dak gwats'an. Sheenjit worrỳ ginlǫ̀ dǫ̀hłìi. Shin datthak tr'il dak gogwich'ǫ̀ łuk gahgǫ̀.

Gohch'it it'ee oonii neegiheedàa nigwindhat gwiizhik it'ee dhałts'ik nàgwaanǫ̀. August 31 gwiizhik łą̀ą Paul vagwànlǫ̀. Aii Chief Esias vizheh gwizhìt t'ee vagwànlǫ̀. Aii nurse t'àihnyaa chants'à' nich'it oondee ałts'ik zheh gwitr'it t'agwah'in chan yits'ìnyaa.

Drin gwiteegwą̀ąhch'yaa łą̀ą neeshagąą'ìk vành, drin tł'an, khàa hàa shìh chan shintł'ee gahchak. Gwach'àa tlìk lę̀ǫ̀ chan shats'an ałtsǫ̀. Khan hee ch'ìhłan vành zhree aii nich'it nèekwǫ̀ nǫ̀ chehk'ìt gwadhàh zhìt k'eich'ii vatl'an dàhochaa nèekwǫ̀ nihdèeginghwǫ̀. Aii temperature shiyèe neegatthak eenjit gàa tr'iilèe t'igii'in.

Izhìk zhree Bessie, Hannah hàa łyâa gintsàl. Gwiizhik ninghùk ałts'ik ts'à' neehihshyaa gàa sheegògwàntrii. Izhìk khàa zhree nurse sheenìnidii. Zhree t'ashàhnyaa, "Nakǫ̀' daajìi dèe khik nał'in kwaa," shàhnyaa. "Dzaa dhidii gàa t'inch'yaa," vàihnyaa. Shòaahkàt googàa vàa gwaldak kwaa. "Gwitr'it t'agwah'in?" shàhnyaa zhyą̀ą aaha' vàihnyaa. It'ee gwak'ą̀ąhtìi choo hàa gwahaandak eenjit t'inyaa. Chǫǫ sheeghaii nàhakak dǫ̀' datthak chan chǫǫ kwaa ts'à' shòaahkat zhree t'àihnyaa.

Izhìk ch'ìhłan vành zhree aii nich'it ch'ìhłak oonaa shi-temperature nooheendal eenjit shee nìhee. Tł'ę̀ę zhree oondàk neehoozhii. Ninghìt kwaa ts'à' gwint'aii dazhàk ts'à' shòaahkat "Neenjit dôonch'yaa?" shàhnyaa. "Sheenjit gwinzǫ̀," vàihnyaa. Chan googàa shi-temperature nôonjik. Tł'ę̀ę zhree t'ashàhnyaa nich'it oondàk neezhii ni-temperature 106 łą̀ą nilǫ̀. Dzaa gwahaał'yàa gwehkǫ̀

Chief Esias Loola lived by the fishwheel, and whoever wanted to live with him lived there too. That summer of 1940 I was going to have a baby so we lived in Fort Yukon. There was no doctor, only a nurse living at the hospital. My husband was there, but they kept coming from the fishwheel to see me. They were probably worried about me. All summer they lived by the wheel drying fish.

Finally when it was time for them to come back, I went into labor. On August 31 Paul was born. He was born in Chief Esias's house. The nurse I mentioned had a young woman who helped her work in the hospital.

Every day they came to see me, and they also gave me food in the morning, noon, and evening. She also gave me a lot of used clothing. Suddenly one morning those two young women came hurrying in carrying something wrapped in two bedspreads.[1] They stuck a thermometer in my mouth, but it was in vain.

At the time Bessie and Hannah were little ones. I was in labor for so long it became hard for me to walk. That evening the nurse came back again. Then she said to me, "Where is your husband? I never see him." "Even so, he is here," I said to her. Although she questioned me, I didn't tell her about our (domestic) situation. "Does he work?" she said to me. I just said yes. She did this to make a report to the judge. She asked me all these questions after she went to set water beside me and there was none.

Then one morning the young woman came to me to take my temperature. After that she went back up. It was not long before the nurse came in panting. "How do you feel?" she asked me. "I feel fine," I said. But she took my temperature again anyway. Then she told me that when the young lady went back (to the hospital) my temperature was 106! "I thought for sure you'd be gone before I could get here,"

1. It was used clothing to be used for cleaning.

gàa nigwihèhkwaa yiihthan," nyaa. "Oonaa datthak łą̀ą nalgìk," shàhnyaa. Akhài' zhree aii temperature oodee vinjyaa'yàa eeghaii dootin nihdèe shreen'aii hàa nindhaa dhidlìt łii.

Sheenjit gwinzu̱ gwiizhik t'ee shiyèhghàn na̱u̱ tr'il dak gwats'an oonii nèegiijil. Oonjì' gwigwich'ii aii datthak łą̀ą goozheh tr'igwinch'ì'. Aiitł'ę̨ę̨ t'ee tent frame gwizhìt tr'igwich'ii.

Izhìk Drin Choo deetaa gwahâadhàt tł'ę̨ę̨ flu goodlìt dinjii datthak łą̀ą ełts'ik. Gwiizhik sh̨u̱ aii tth'aii dhałts'ik kwaa. Izhìk t'ee Martha James tr'iinin di'u̱ nurse vits'ìhnyaa. Aiitł'ę̨ę̨ chan Margaret Kelly chan tr'iinin di'u̱ izhìk chan nurse vits'ĭinyà' 1941 dà̱u̱'. Aiitł'ę̨ę̨ nìhkàa it'ee dhałts'ik ts'à' heekìsha'a̱u̱ kwaa. Aii dhałts'ik gwiizhik chan Myra Francis chan shee nàch'ah'ee. Frankie vagwànlu̱ gàa aiitł'ę̨ę̨ veenjit gwîizuu łu̱. Gàa łyâa oondàa hìhshyaa sheenjit gwîizuu ts'à' nał'yà' kwaa. Izhìk t'ee George Tritt a̱hts'ìk veenjit gwinzu̱ ts'à' giveenjit dôonch'yaa lì' diinôonyaa ts'à' dineenìhee.

Shìh chan akhoiihnyaa ts'à' dhiichu̱ gwizhru̱ t'ihch'yaa. Shigii Paul four months old zhru̱ nilu̱ aii chan ełts'ik zheh nagą̨ahchu̱. Khaiinjii vakwàa gàa izhìk ełts'ik zheh indì' ts'à' veenjit gwinzu̱.

Aii George Tritt dineenìhee zhree Steven t'ahnyaa łii. "Milk ch'ityah ch'ìhłak eenì' jì' veenjit gwiheezyàa," shàhnyaa łii. Milk dizheh kàneehozhìi ts'à' tr'eeshagą̨ahthat ts'à' chụ nindhaa hàa shigiyahnì'. Aii zhree vineedhalkwaii kwaa. It'ee zhat gwats'an sheenjit gwiheezyàa łii ts'à' zhree.

Aii Myra chan it'ee veenjit gwinzu̱ ts'à' t'ee vaka̱i' David oonjì' Tły'ahdik gwats'à' neegahòo'oo łii. Izhìk t'ee David oonjì' nakhwàa neeriheedàa ahnyaa łii Steven zhree. "David oonii ninidii jì' vàa neeriheedàa," zhree nyaa.

she said. "I ran all the way down!" But it seemed that the thermometer had been sitting by the window and had become hot with the sun shining on it.

My parents came back from the fishwheel when I was feeling better again. We lived in their house the whole time they were up there. After that we lived in a tent frame.[2]

After New Year's passed, the flu came around and all the people were sick. But I wasn't sick yet. When Martha James had her child, I helped the nurse. Later, when Margaret Kelly had her child, I helped the nurse again. That was in 1941. The day after that I became sick and I didn't get up. While I was sick (in this way), Myra sent someone to fetch me. Frankie had been born, but after that she didn't feel well. But I was too sick to walk there, so I didn't see her. Then George Tritt, who had been sick but had recovered, wondered how we were doing and came to visit us.

I stopped eating food and did nothing but sleep. My child Paul was only four months old and they took him to the hospital. He almost died, but after his stay in the hospital he was fine.

When that George Tritt came to visit us, he apparently said of me to Steven, "If she drinks one can of milk, she will get better." He went to get milk from his house, and they woke me up and had me drink it with hot water. I didn't vomit it up. From that time on it was high time for me to be on the mend, you see.

Apparently, as soon as Myra was well she and her husband David made haste to *Tf yahdik*. At the time Steven had evidently told David that we would go there with them. He stated that, as a matter of fact, "If David comes back, we'll leave with him."

2. The tent frame is made of lumber and the tent is draped over it.

CHAPTER 7

Jalgiitsik, Tł'yahdik Hàa

Tł'ęę t'ee March 1942 nan gwiizhik David k'inidik akhài' chan dhałts'ik nyaa. "David vàa neehìndii," shàhnyaa. It'ee chan łą̨i̯ k'àn na̯i̯ tł'yah diilii ts'à' tr'iinin tik na̯i̯ chan gwizhìilii ts'à' oonjì' vata̯i̯ łą̨i̯ ihłyaa. David łyâa vilìk nizi̯ t'aràhnyaa. Oonjì' ndaa nihłik hee nashòl'in. Gohch'it hee Jalgiitsik gwats'à' t'ee chałdak gwìch'in zhree hiljii.

Tǫǫ oozhrii chan adrii gwiizhik chan drin ch'idinghìt. Gohch'it zhree van chan ti'ehjik k'it t'ôonch'yaa zhree gihtreiizhii gwiizhik ahtr'aii. Oondàa gwaał'in akhai' zhree chuuluu nihtree'èe nijùk hihshyaa gàashandàii kwaa. Ła̯i̯ nàdoiilii ts'à' chuuluu gwinzi̯ nał'ìn akhai' zhree nijìn ts'a̯i̯ łą̨i̯ kwai' k'eejìt k'it t'ôonch'yaa ts'a̯i̯ hoiizhii. Gwintł'òo ahtr'aii chan nijùk ihshyaa gàashandàii kwaa. Gwehkii chan tth'aii gwaał'in kwaa. Googàa t'ee nihk'ìt ihshyaa.

Paul aii seven months old nili̯ t'ee cheendak ts'à' itree. Hannah aii three years old. Bessie aii five years two months old nili̯. Akhai' t'ee łyą̨ą chashandak gwiizhik zheh gwadhàh gwinìn'ee ts'à' tr'iizhii. Dinjii khyą̨h iłdlii t'ôonch'yaa gwìch'in yiihthan. It'ee łyâą chishandak akǫh dzaa hi̯ishàa yiihthan.

Nihdêiizhii akhai' traa tsal nèerahaahk'yàa zhri̯ gwizhìt. Aii dǒołk'in ts'à' tyą̨h zhìt chan zhah deedhiilii ts'à' Bessie aii dzaa nachaa nijùu hàa gavàa dhindii

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CHAPTER 7

Chalkyitsik and Tł'yahdik

Later in March 1942 David returned, but Steven said he was sick. "You leave with David," he told me. So then I harnessed up those poor dogs, put the three children in the sled and followed him by dog team. I mean to say that David's dogs were really good! Every now and then he waited for me on the way up. Finally near *Jalgiitsik* I think he got exasperated and he was gone.

The moon was shining (on the snow) and gave the luster of daylight all around. The wind was blowing when I finally came to a lake that looked like a back channel to a river. I looked up ahead and saw that the trail divided and I had no idea which trail to take. I stopped the dogs and took a good look at the trail and, of course, I took the trail with the freshest dog tracks. It was very windy and I didn't know where I was going. I was never here before. In spite of that I kept going.

Paul, who was seven months old, became tired and began to cry. Hannah was three years old. Bessie was five years and two months old. Finally when I was totally exhausted I came upon an empty erected tent. Perhaps it is a man out trapping, I thought. I was so exhausted that I thought, "Enough already! I'm going to spend the night here."

I went in and there was a little wood to start a fire inside. I lit the fire and put snow on the stove in a bucket, and I told Bessie to stay there with her younger

vàihnyaa. Traa keegwahaał'yàa eenjit gwiizhik t'ee łyą̂ą neech'a'aii. Aii chan aih ishi'ą̨ kwaa ts'à' traa kaneezhaahiihjuu. Traa chan ts'à' ninghìt. Gwiizhik chan tr'iinin nąą̨ chan eeninjỳaał'ee. Googàa t'ee traa oodhiinjìk ts'à' chan ihjil. Łąą̨ chan gooch'ał'àl ts'à' it'ee nihdêiizhii. Tr'iinin gooch'ał'àl ts'à' gwîindhaa hee chagaajil àkwat khan gą̨ałchųų.

Ch'iitsii nìndhaa ts'à' dhiidii ts'à' lidii dhaa shinii. Nìhkàa deeshi'yàa lì' yiihthan. Gwiizhik yee'àt łąą̨ zhr̨' nąą̨ gwintsàl giyikii. Zheh gwadhàh dą̨ą̨ chikŷaał'èe akhai' yeedą̨ą̨ niizhii ts'aii tr'ałąą̨ diinàatsit. Yeendàa chųų dhaa dadhałką̨ą̨. Dinjii dikhyą̀h tee needyaa t'igwii'in yiihthan.

Yee'àt nał'ą̨ą̨ yàatsit ts'à' łąą̨ gałchaa àkwat łą̀ą̀ geeshoolii kwaa. Nihdêiinzhii akhai' zhree Irvin John Sr. zhree t'ii'in łii. Gwiizuu gìnkhii ts'à' "Dèegwits'inch'yàa?" shàhnyaa. "Shàa tr'igwêendaii t'ôonch'yaa," vàihnyaa. "Naką̀ą̀' ijìi?" shàhnyaa. "Gwichyaa Zheh iłts'ik ts'à' veełèe hoizhii," vàihnyaa. "David Francis vàa neihdyaa akhai' shilìk khyu' a'al ts'à' daajìi vàashandàii kwaa," vàihnyaa. "Yeendee ninghìt kwaa Jalgiitsik gòo'ą̨ą̨ t'ôonch'yaa," shàhnyaa. "Izhìk gwats'à' shàa neehìndii," shàhnyaa akhai' akwaa vàihnyaa. "Tr'iinin nąą̨ chagaajil gwinzą̨ą̨ gahahchųų," vàihnyaa. Jidìi shìh tsal njaa yaa'ą̨ chan tr'iinin nąą̨ eenjit yàhnyaa chan shintł'ìnłii.

Neehòozhii tł'ęę ninghùk gwahaadhat kwaa ts'à' t'ee chan hee shilìk giyikii. Chan deegwii'ìn David shankànidii t'igwii'in łii. "Yeendee ninghìt kwaa googàa oondàk shàa neehìndii," shàhnyaa. Gwintł'òo geet'iihthan kwaa googàa tr'iinin nąą̨ needhiitł'ą̨ ts'à' dadachaavàl zhìt givinlii. Dachaavał ghyah hàa vatą̨ą̨ neełąą̨ shihìltsit. Chaadrih nyàa łąą̨ gwint'aii a'al shàa oo'òk gwahats'àk dą̨ą̨' gwats'an tr'it'eehâaldhal gwits'ì' gwak'àałtii.

Oondee k'eeriidàl ts'à' t'ee juu vizheh nihdêiizhii gànaldàii kwaa. Łąą̨

brother and sister. The sun rose just as I was about to look for wood. I had no snowshoes, so I waded around in the snow looking for firewood. The wood was a long way off! All the while I worried about the children. I gathered wood anyway and chopped it up. I fed the dogs and finally came in. I fed the children and they fell asleep right away as they had been running and playing in the warm tent.

I sat by the hot stove and drank hot tea. "I wonder what I'll do tomorrow," I thought. Just then those poor dogs let out a few barks. I stuck my head out of the tent flaps and, as it were, someone was coming up the trail I had used by dog team. I had hot water on the stove. I thought, it's the man who was out on his trapline.

The team came there and he tied up the dogs; he certainly didn't expect me. He came in and turned out to be Irvin John Sr. He swore and said to me, "What are you doing here?" "I'm lost," I told him. "Where is your husband?" he asked. "He's sick at Fort Yukon and I left him there," I replied. "I was going with David Francis, but my dogs couldn't go fast, and I don't know where he is," I said to him. "*Jalgiitsik* is just a little ways to the north," he told me. "Come there with me," he said, but I said no. "The children wore themselves out and will sleep well," I told him. He had a little trail food and, saying that it was for the children, he gave it to me.

After he left, not much time passed before my dogs barked again. And now what was happening? It was David come back to get me, as it were. He said to me, "It's not that far off; come back with me anyway." I was loathe to do it, but even so I dressed the children and put them in his toboggan. The dog team whisked me along after him in an empty toboggan. Now in the light of the moon those dogs were going so fast that every time we came upon a curve on the trail it was all I could do not to be flung off!

We arrived up there, and I don't recall whose house I went into. We camped

neerahshìi eenjit chan neegwąąhdyàa izhìk Jalgiitsik. Aii Jalgiitsik lęįį nąįį jyaa dihee'yàa shagoonyaa kwaa łii.

Aiitł'ęę nìhkàa vành dąį' hee oonjì' Tł'yahdik gwats'à' sheevan neehòozhii. Zhat viyèhghàn nąįį Francis, Bella hàa gwìgwich'įį. Myra chan vigii two months old nilįį aii t'ee Frankie.

Zhat tr'iinin k'alzhik ts'à' gehndaa April nàn gwiizhik it'ee gwiizuu gwiheelyàa gwehkįį it'ee chan oodì' Gwichyaa Zheh hee Steven vankee neegwahaal'yàa chan gòo'ąįį. Chan hee tr'iinin nąįį dachaaval zhìt neiilii ts'à' Simon Francis izhìk dąį' łyâa young nilįį seventeen nilįį dǫhłìi. Aii chan vahan Jalgiitsik gwats'à' shàa neeyihìł'è'. David Francis dinjii khanàandaii nilįį dùuyèe geenjit gokwaa t'ǫǫhłii nihee t'inch'yaa, ts'à' Simon aii shàa hàazhii. Sheedlàa ehdan hee shàa hàazhii.

Jalgiitsik gwats'an t'ee shąhzhrįį neehihdyaa t'ishi'in. Łyâa Gwichyaa Zheh gwats'à' ninghìt gànaldàii ts'à' t'ee vành dąį' six o'clock hee neehòoshizhii. Shreenyàa t'ôonch'yaa àkwat k'iidì' geh chan ôaałk'ee. Sha'àii kwaa googàa geh dałk'ee dąį' veenàzhaa'ihjuu. Gwiindhaa ts'à' shagwach'àa nilzhroo. Gwichyaa Zheh khàa nine o'clock łąą k'eihdik. Gwintl'òo chashandak łąįį gwats'an tr'ihihłyaa googàa geenjit chashandak. David Frank aii dizheh dhidii łii aii tr'iinin nąįį nihdêiinlii ts'à' łąįį chan ach'ąh'àl.

Gwiizhik Steven dhałts'ik nyaa ch'yąą zhree hiljii. Vadałtree tǫhtł'an gehndàa hee zhree nihdìneezhii akhai' zhree k'ineihdik łii ts'à' gwizhrįį.

David Frank łyâa khan geh iłvir ch'yąą t'aihnyaa.

Gwats'an ninghìt kwaa ts'à' t'ee oonjì' neerahòondii. Tł'yahdik gavàa idirigwilgǫ' gwintł'òo Francis, Bella hàa gwinzįį diik'èe giiłtįį ch'yąą t'iihnyaa. Dzan keeshi'in geet'iihthan ch'yąą nành gàashandàii kwaa ts'à' tr'iinin zhrįį

there at *Jalgiitsik* to rest the dogs. There were many in *Jalgiitsik* who did not expect that I could do these things.

Then the first thing in the morning, with him (David) in the lead, we set off for *Tł'yahdik*. His parents Francis and Bella were living there. Myra was there also with her two-month-old child. That was Frankie.

I arrived with the children and the next month, in April, before traveling conditions got bad, I was expected to go back to Fort Yukon to see about Steven. I packed up the children in the toboggan again. Simon Francis was very young at that time, perhaps seventeen. And it was Simon who went with me to *Jalgiitsik* at his mother's bidding. David Francis was an industrious man who always made a good living. There was no way he could just up and leave, so Simon went with me. He went with me, but not without a great deal of jiving and laughter.

I was going to go on alone from *Jalgiitsik*. I remembered that it was a very long way to Fort Yukon, so I started out very early, about six o'clock in the morning. It was spring and on the way down I shot a few rabbits. I had no snowshoes, but still I shot rabbits and waded through the snow for them. It was warm and my clothing got damp. I arrived in Fort Yukon at nine o'clock in the evening. I was so tired I couldn't even take the harnesses off the dogs. David Frank was at his house, and he brought in the children and fed the dogs.

Meanwhile, Steven, who had told me he was sick, was gone. I cried because of him, and after midnight he came in; well, I had gotten back, apparently, and that was that!

I mean to say, at the time David Frank really boiled up those rabbits fast!

A short time after that we moved back up. We spent the spring thaw with them at *Tł'yahdik*. I tell you that Francis and Bella were very thoughtful and took good care of us! I used to like to hunt for muskrat, but I didn't know that country,

k'aałtii. Łuu hàajik ts'à' t'ee zhree Gwichyaa Zheh gwats'à' nihts'ee rinjil. Yaa gwidì' Grafỳ gàgàhnyaa izhìk teeraajil. Łuk chihvyàa hàa keegihee'yàa eenjit zhree drin deetak ch'ìhłak. Akhai' chan zhat dinjik diits'à' kìinzhii chan giiłk'ee. Gwats'an di' nìhłik hee teeradàl Gwichyaa Zheh gwats'à'. It'ee Gwichyaa Zhee keeriidàl.

so I just took care of the children. The ice went out and then we all went to Fort Yukon by boat. Farther downriver at the place they call Grafy we disembarked. They intended to fish with a fishnet for one week. And then a moose came out by us and they shot that. From there we made only a few short stops to Fort Yukon. Then we arrived at Fort Yukon.

CHAPTER 8

Khiinjik Gwìts'èerohòojìl

Zhat khaiits'à' t'ee Khiinjik gwik'eeriijil Khiinjik zheh gòodlii gwats'à'. Gwintsàl hàn chụụ nint'aii t'agwaràhnyaa. Dahtsii kwaii chụụ eeniinjat. Drindàhahdlą̨ii hee chan tr'ihchoo hàa khatł'yaach'aradàl ts'à' diilàt nąą̨i chan tòh hàa tr'ihchoo ineech'ahahtthàk. Yeezhòk cheh chan dachan gwànlį̨i.

Zhat dą̨i' t'ee Roland Lord diihàa tr'ihchoo oondàk nitłit tr'iilee chan naazhrìi ts'à' t'ii'in. Izhìk t'ee Elijah Henry daga'at Mary digigii nąą̨i hàa geedan t'ee khagaajil. Chan hee nihts'ineegiijil gwiizhik Mary zhrį̨i diihàa zhat gwich'į̨i łyâa dinjii kwaa.

Izhìk zhree Steven aii yeendàk gwahaał'yàa nyaa. One hour googàa kwaa ts'à' zhree yeendee dinjik doołk'ee gàa chụụ zhìt t'aanąą̨i nyaa. It'ee zhree Mary Henry chan diihàa neehòozhii ts'à' vits'èerahòojil. Nehshrit łą̨ą chụụ zhìt kharinluu, dinjik khaiits'à' naak'ìi t'inch'yaa àkwat nidìi.

Tł'ęę t'ee dinjii khehłan nìneejil. It'ee chan yeedàk Vak'at Daraadii kak vadzaih keerahàandii. Izhìk gwà'àn vadzaih eenjit gwirich'į̨i. It'ee khaii gwiyeet'ìi gweedhaa ts'à' t'igwii'in. Zhat gwa'an vadzaih keeree'yà' tł'ęę oodą̨ą neeriijil.

Akhai' chan October nan gwiizhik han chan vadzaih nàh'òo. Izhìk it'ee

CHAPTER 8

The Trip Back to Salmon River

That fall we went up the *Khiinjik* to the place on the *Khiinjik* where there are houses. Anyone who's seen it can tell you the river current is powerful! Water was rushing over driftwood logjams. Wherever there was a cascade we all got out and pulled the boat with a rope, and whoever was not pulling was pushing the boat along with a pole and guiding it. There were even trees buried in the river bottom.

At the time Roland Lord went up with us by riverboat and, as usual, he also intended to hunt. And Elijah Henry, his wife Mary, and their children came up with us too. They (Roland and Elijah and his children) left again; meanwhile, only Mary was living there with us and there were no other people.

At the time Steven said, "I'll look around up that way." In less than an hour, he returned, saying, "I shot a moose up there, but it fell in the water." Well then, Mary Henry came with us and we all went to the kill. We just barely dragged it out of the water. It was a fat fall moose and therefore very heavy.

After that the people gathered in one place. Then we moved up on *Vak'at Daraadii* looking for caribou. We lived around there in search of caribou. Now we were doing this because winter was falling upon us. After we hunted caribou around there, we traveled back down.

Then in the month of October, the caribou crossed the river. The ground

gwîink'oo ts'à' oo'ęę neegiyaazhik. Tì'ęę t'ee nihk'yàa hee khyąh t'agah'in khaii datthak. Zhat 1942 Drin Choo zhìt tr'aak'į.

Izhìk January gwats'an t'ee tr'iinin nąįį eenjit school ałtsii. Gwehkii dąį' Ellen geech'oąąhtan akhài' dakąį' ts'eehòozhii Jalgiitsik gwa'an hee t'iginch'yaa. Khaii datthak tr'iinin gwâałtan sharagookwàt kwaa gàa dinjii datthak traa sheenjit nôondak shìh chan hàa shik'èegąąhtii. Neerihiinjik dąį' googàa geech'ǫ̂ąąłtan. Izhìk chan Steven hiljii dąį' chan shits'ìginyaa. Esias James łyâa vigii gàaheendàii eenjit gwintł'òo gwitr'it t'agwa'yà' t'inch'yaa. Ànts'à' datthak jyàa diginch'yaa. Gabriel dinjii traa ilil gwideetit googàa nijìn traa kinidìk dąį' yee'àt shadąįį traa nìiluu. Aii jyàa dagwątł'oo dinjii vigii gàaheendàii eenjit dinjiighit gwik'ìt googwitr'ìt gwinlì'. Jùk jidìi datthak eech'ǫ̂ąąhtan gwik'ìt geech'ǫ̂ąąłtan kwaa googàa gwintsàl jùk gwàndaa gwat'agąąch'yaa.

Aii 1942 khaiits'à' diikhwan Isaac Tritt va'at kwaa Esias James nąįį hàa zhrįį Khiinjik gwirich'įį. Izhìk shìn t'ee zheh gwintsìi dinjii datthak shee gwìłtsąįį. Aii Jonas Henry chan Isaac Tritt hàa gwich'įį gèegiyǫ̂ąąhtan eenjit.

Zhat khaii November nan tsyaa tsal shi'įį. Calvin Joseph oaazhii. Martha James zhrįį tr'injaa nilįį aii yihiłchįį. Akhai' dinjii datthak Vashrąįį K'ǫǫ nijyàa gwiizhik shàa vakwàa jidìi whooping cough giyàhnyaa hàa vakwàa. Zhat t'ee oonaa neegiijil hee shitsųų Soozun oonaa k'ìdik shàa gwich'įį. Gwiizhik t'ee shizheh gwizhìt Isaac Tritt yak'àa ginhè'. Aii kwànk'it hee traa hàa gàa shik'èegąąhtii. Shat'àii kwaa gòodlìt ts'à' vatth'ank'ìt gàa noiizhii kwaa.

Izhìk hee shitsųų Soozun shàa gwâandak tr'igwidìi gwich'in shoonyaa ts'à' t'inyaa gwiizhik chan gwąą'yà' t'agwàhnyaa. "Shigii nąįį tsyaa nąįį zhrįį nich'it tik nąįį gavàa. Tsyaa nąįį datthak dinjii choo gaadlìt ts'à' shizheh jidìi

was now frozen and they brought the meat back. After that they went trapping in their separate directions for the winter. We spent New Year's 1942 there.

From that January on I held school for the children. Before that Ellen taught school, but, as it were, she went back to her husband and they lived near *Jalgiitsik*. All winter I taught the children; no one paid me, but all the men got firewood for me and they also provided food for me. Even when we moved as a group I taught them. When Steven was away they also helped me. You see, Esias James did a lot of work to enable his children to acquire knowledge. And all the rest of them did this too. Whenever Gabriel went out to get wood he pulled a load into my front yard, even if it was in between the times when the men brought me wood. That's how much the people wanted their children to acquire knowledge and that's how much they worked for it. I didn't teach everything as it is taught these days, but still they use what they learned even now.

That fall of 1942 we were living at *Khiinjik* with Isaac Tritt, who had no wife, and the Esias James family. That summer all the men built a big house for me. And that Jonas Henry was living with Isaac Tritt so that he could be instructed.

That winter in November I had a little boy. He was named Calvin Joseph. Martha James, the only woman there, delivered him. But then while all the people were away at Arctic Village, he passed from me; he died of what they call whooping cough. When they came back then my mother-in-law Soozun arrived with them and she lived with me. Meanwhile Isaac Tritt said a prayer over him in my house. Even while they were gone they provided me with wood. I became weak and didn't even go to his burial site.

Then, thinking that I must be grieving, my mother-in-law Soozun spoke to me through her own experiences, saying, "Of all my children I had only boys along with three girls. All my boys became grown men and there was nothing lacking in

datthak eenjit gògwàntrii kwaa," nyaa. "Aiitł'ęę nihłik dinjii choo, nich'it choo dàknaatth'àk dą̀į' gwiteegwâahch'yaa shat'àii kwaa gwilìi," nyaa. Aii gàa gwintsìi.

Aiitł'ęę t'ee gehndaa neegwiidhat 1943 BIA gwintsàl shagoogookwàt. Sixty-eight dollar month dǫ̀hłį̀į. Izhìk dą̀į' school zheh gokwàa nijùk neerihiidàl gwa'àn hee gèech'ôąąłtan.

Izhìk shin David Francis, "Nakhwàa Khiinjik gwits'ee hihdyaa," diinàhynaa ts'à' vats'à' nihts'eerinjil 1943 shin. Izhìk t'ee Yukon dì' hee tr'il chigiin'ą̀į̀į izhìk shin łuk keeree'yà'. Aiitł'ęę t'ee Khiinjik dàk July nan diihàa neetr'ihchoohìłłit.

Tsyaa tsal chan gii'į̀į oondàk Dinii Zhoo t'ee diihàa nindhat. Gwintl'òo zhat khàa diihàa gogwidee'in t'igwinyaa ch'yąą. Oozhee tr'ihchoo zhìt tr'ąhchį̀į izhìk vęhdee teeghaii zheh gwadhàh ch'ok gwanał'ee. It'ee tr'iinin hàa ts'at t'eiizhii gwiizhik zhyąą zhik dehtthat gwats'an dats'an neenadal gwik'ìt ch'ihiiłtin. Yeekit tr'iinin êenjik gwats'à' gwikỳ'ąąhtin. Izhìk googàa geh'àn yinjìrintł'òo ch'yąą.

Aii chan shį̀į zhrį̀į gavàa neihdyaa. Steven aii David Frank hàa tr'ih choo thok neegahahłaa eenjit goots'ìi neerahòojil hee. Gwintsàl k'eiich'ii lę̨į̀į t'iihnyaa. Khiinjik shizheh gwizhìt łą̀ą room gokwàa. Diik'eiich'i' David Frank vats'an David Francis vats'an kwaii hàa.

Izhìk Gwichyaa Zheh neerihiijyàa t'ee tr'injaa dink'ìshąhthat cancer hàa neeshrâahch'yàa iłts'ik zheh dhidii. Veełèehihshii gitr'ii'èe akhai' gwinzį̀į akoodàshahnyaa. "Nigii tsal nąį̀į k'ąąhtìi, shį̀į gwąąhkwaa sheenjit nìnjich'indhàt," shàhnyaa. "Khan, neehindii," shàhnyaa. Gwintł'òo shìhdą̀į̀į ch'aa'ą̀į̀į ts'à' veełèe neehòoshizhii.

my household. And then when they died, a grown man, a young woman, falling over a corpse, every time, I lost some of my strength," she said.[1] But it was a big thing.

And then the next year in 1943 the BIA paid me a little bit. Sixty-eight dollars a month, I guess. At that time there was no schoolhouse, so I taught wherever we went.

That summer David Francis told us, "I will go back to *Khiinjik* with you," and we went downriver to him in the summer of 1943. At that time they set up a fishwheel on the Yukon and we fished for the summer there. After that, in July, he went up the *Khiinjik* with us by boat.

They had a little boy, and up at *Dinii Zhoo* he died. I tell you we experienced a very amazing event that evening. We laid him in the moored boat, and I pitched my pointed tent just above on the riverbank. Then just as I was crawling under the blankets with my children I heard a noise as if a flock of ducks was landing right there out of the sky. The sound came from where the dead child lay. In spite of that, our minds were strong.

Only I was going back with them. Steven and David Frank were taking a boat back by themselves and we were going on ahead. I mean to say, there was no little bit of stuff; there was a lot of stuff! There was no room at all in my house at *Khiinjik*. There were our belongings, David Frank's and David Francis's along with them.

It was on this occasion that as we were leaving Fort Yukon, the woman who raised me was dying of cancer at the hospital. I didn't want to leave her but then she reasoned with me firmly. "You nurture and care for your little children. As for me, there is no reason for you to concern yourself," she said to me. "Quick, leave straight away!" I rose with a great lump in my throat as I took my leave of her.

1. This statement was made slowly with long pauses, marked here by commas. It was a great comfort to Katherine.

Aii David vigii vakwàa vàihnyaa tr'ookìt eight mile Gwichyaa Zheh gwats'an Ch'ôonjik hee vik'yâaljìk. Gàa zhree vitì' aii zhyą̀ą t'inyaa shoonyaa dǫhłį̨. Zhik jidìi t'ii'in aii izhìk gwizhrį̨ zhree geenjit vàgwandàii nint'aii. Aii oondee kheerìłchį̨ ts'à' gehdee tą̀ih kak vanàraahnjìk shigii Calvin Joseph eeghaii giinǎą̀hjik.

It'ee zhat khaii t'ee chan tr'iinin nąį̨ goohaałchyàa t'ishi'in. Aii BIA ts'an chan dęhtł'yaa kwaii gàa neereelyaa t'iihnyaa. Izhìk gwats'an khaii gwiteegwą̂ą̀hch'yaa gèech'ôą̀ą̀łtan. Khiinjik Zheh, Vashrą̀į̨ K'ǫǫ hàa łihteereenjyaa datthak gèech'ôą̀ą̀łtan. Ndàa ts'à' James Gilbert, Gabriel Peter, Gilbert Joseph diihàa neegihiidàl school eenjit. Zhat Drin Tsal ts'à' chan Vashrą̀į̨ K'ǫǫ gwits'èe rahòojil.

Izhìk Drin Choo 1943 gwiizhik Isaac Tritt Naomi nôonjik. Izhìk shìh kwaa dą̀į' chan nihk'yàa neerihiinjik. Aii Drin Choo deetàa gwahàadhat ts'à' chan Khiinjik gwits'ee rahòojil. Diilàt nąį̨ Vashrą̀į̨ K'ǫǫ gwich'į̨.

Izhìk than hee ginkhii Albert Tritt dineenjit gwilìi ą̀hndàl ch'yą̀ą. Shìh kwaa ts'à' "Ch'oodzaa," nyaa, "ts'à' oondàa neets'eetł'yah hàa niłanlì' teegohtà' gwiizhik vadzaih aanąį̨ dòhnyaa," nyàa. Gwiizhik adan aii ch'iitsîidlii ach'aahłii t'inyaa. It'ee zhree deedanahnyaa vik'it t'igwii'in. Łyą̀ą vadzaih kwaa googàa t'ee nihkaa Steven vadzaih inghan. Tł'ęę chan t'inyàa "Airplane keegǫǫhshìi," nyaa chan gwik'ìt t'igwinyaa. Chan airplane chan dinee k'eeniit'ee. "Dinjii chan keegǫǫhshìi," nyàa aii datthak vik'ìt t'igwinyaa. Aii zhree t'ôonch'yaa jùk oondee zhat nihk'yàa gwats'an dinjii gwich'į̨.

Shin hee Khiinjik gwirich'į̨ kwaa zhat k'eiich'ii khaneeraazhik dą̀į' gwizhrii Gwichyaa Zheh gwats'an.

Izhìk oondee Vashrą̀į̨ K'ǫǫ chan ch'ìhłan shin yeendìt han dùhts'aii airplane deek'ìt tr'agohtsyaa nyaa. Albert Tritt t'inyaa. Tr'inlę̨į̨ kwaa ts'à' Gabriel

I was telling you about the death of David's child. I first noticed that he was dying eight miles from Fort Yukon on the Porcupine. But his father assumed that I was just saying that. He had a powerful life-force, yet he only used it for whatever he was doing. We brought his body back with us and buried him up yonder on a hill. They buried him beside my child Calvin Joseph.

Now that winter I was also going to teach the children. We even brought some books from the BIA. From then on I taught every winter. We moved back and forth between *Khiinjik Zheh* and Arctic Village and I taught through it all. Eventually James Gilbert, Gabriel Peter, and Gilbert Joseph were all moving around with us on account of the school.

That New Year's we went back to Arctic Village. It was there on New Year's Day that Isaac Tritt married Naomi; it was his second marriage. At the time, if we ran out of food we went our separate directions in our search for food. After New Year's we again moved back to *Khiinjik*. Some of us lived at Arctic Village.

It was here that preacher Albert Tritt alone made great efforts for us. There was no food and he said, "You guys dance, and while you're holding hands doing a reel, tell the caribou to come!" Meanwhile he played the fiddle, you see. Then we did as he bid us. Really, there were no caribou, yet the next day Steven killed caribou. After that on another occasion he said, "Send for an airplane," and we did that. And then an airplane flew up to us. "And send for men," he said, and all this we did as he bid us. And that's what you see up there now, people who have come from all over.

We didn't live on the *Khiinjik* during the summer, only when we brought things up from Fort Yukon.

Then one summer while we were in Arctic Village he said, "Let's make an airplane field across the river." Albert Tritt said this. There were not many of us,

Peter dizheh k'aa diikhwan Soozun Peter aii nąįį zhrįį it'ee chan oonìn neerinjil ts'à' k'aii kharinkil. Izhìk dąį' k'aii teegwintsìi kwaa. Nan chan nizįį gahtsii oonjìt zhat chan tr'igwiiłk'à' łyą́ą gwinzįį. Aiitł'ęę plane tsal zhat neenit'ee. Gwintł'òo diineevan hee gwilìi t'ii'in ch'yąą t'àihnyaa.

Izhìk t'ee geetàk hee sheenjit ch'idiintl'òo shàhnyaa. Izhìk t'ashàhnyaa "Jidìi gògwàntrii jì' gàa K'eegwaadhat diits'à' heenjyàa t'ôonch'yaa," shàhnyaa.

Kẹhagidiinjii ehdan łą́ą k'eegwiich'yaa t'igwii'in kwaa. Jidìi t'igwii'in datthak geenjit khagidiinjii, tł'ęę gwizhrįį k'eegwiich'yaa t'igwii'in. Than t'ôonch'yaa àkwat airplane chan nihkhàn tr'ąąh'ìn kwaa. Googàa chan dinjii igwîinjìi kwaa ts'à' dineenjit gwinzįį.

1944 Khiinjik tr'igwich'įį khaii zhat datthak tr'ìgwich'įį. James Gilbert, Gilbert Joseph, Gabriel Peter aii datthak zhat t'iginch'yàa aii chan datthak gòozheh gwànlįį. Googii Naomi Isaac neeyùnjik ts'à' Khiinjik gogwich'įį. Izhìk gwiizhik ch'eeghàn gwànlįį Hitler nich'itsyahthat. Ootthàn Gwichyaa Zheh neegiidàl hee dink'ee kì' tyąh nèekwąįį zhrįį gwintl'èega'ak. Zhat Drin Choo zhìt diihàa tigwindhat.

Gwiizhik t'ee Vinìhtąįį hee gwats'an John Fredson dinjii datthak kèeginkhii łii. K'ahtsik gwich'in, Christian Village gwich'in, Vashrąįį K'ǫǫ gwich'in, Khiinjik gwich'įį nąįį datthak kèeginkhè'. It'ee zhree oodì' tr'ahàajil izhìk dąį' t'ee shigii Jean zhat February nan vagwànlįį. Drin deetit tik gwizhrįį vàa neegwâadhat gwiizhik t'ee aii tr'iinin tlòk tsal dachą́ąval zhìt rahchįį, ts'à' t'ee oodì' gavàa tr'ahàa'òo. Łąįį khan neehaa'òo kwaa googàa t'ee shant'ee dachą́ąval zhìt dhiidii. It'ee zhat drin gwiizhik Vinìhtąįį k eeriheedàl gwiizhik gwiink'oo. Googàa t'ee tr'eedàa izhìk chan jidìi eenjit chan shats'à' ginkhii kwaa li' Steven. It'ee łą́ą Vinìhtąįį gehdee van choo kak gwats'an tr'iinin itree googàa stop ilìi kwaa. Gohch'it zhree tąih kak k'iidaa gwiizhik k'ìdeegwaanąįį.

just Gabriel Peter's household, us, and Soozun Peter's family. Well then we went across and cut willows. At that time the willows were not very big. While they were clearing the land we built a fire, and it was wonderful! After that, small planes landed there. I tell you, he did many things in our presence.

Upon occasion he would ask me to write something for him. Then he would say to me, "Even in adversity, God will help us." He said this to me.

We did nothing at all without his praying. Whatever we did, he would pray for it. It was only after that that we set about our tasks. We were isolated and seldom saw an airplane. It was OK with us; no one was injured and we were all fine.

In 1944 we all lived at *Khiinjik* for the winter. James Gilbert, Gilbert Joseph, and Gabriel Peter lived there and they all had houses there. Since Isaac remarried their daughter Naomi, they also lived at *Khiinjik*. This was during the war when Hitler was the aggressor. Whenever people went to Fort Yukon to replenish their supplies they were limited to two boxes of rifle shells. We spent the New Year's there.

Meanwhile, from *Vinihtqjj*, John Fredson summoned all the people. He summoned the residents of *K'ahtsik*, the residents of *Zheh Gwatsal*, all the residents of Arctic Village, and those living at *Khiinjik*; he sent for all of them! Well then we started out and at the time, you see, my child Jean was born that February. She was only three weeks old. Even so, we put that tender little child in the toboggan and we went along with them. The dogs weren't going fast but I also sat in the toboggan. Now on the day that we were scheduled to arrive in *Vinihtqjj* it was cold. Even so we kept going and I don't know why he (Steven) wasn't speaking to me that day. Just as we arrived at the big lake above *Vinihtqjj* the child began to cry, but she would not stop. Finally as we came down the hill (toward *Vinihtqjj*) she quit crying.

Zhat dą̀į' shee'ii nąįį tth'aii gogwandàii. Vinìhtąįį k'eeriidàl ts'à' t'ee diidachąąvàl igiinghaa. Izhìk zhree "Jii tr'iinin t'eelèe gwandàii t'inch'yaa lì'," jìhnyaa. Henry John vizheh gwadą̀įį zhree. Gògwąhkhan łą̀ą John Fredson hàa googwâandak ts'à' shįį chan giyàashǒonjik ts'à' digizheh gwats'à' diigahàadlii. John zhree vàanòodlit k'ìt veegòo'ąįį t'inch'yaa àkwat nats'àa gook'èerǫǫhtì' diinàhnyaa gwik'ìt Jean diik'ą̀ąhtii. Tr'iinin zhyą̀ą neehiitlǫǫ tth'aii shrìitąhthee jì' vigwihèhkwàa yàhnyaa John.

Izhìk t'ee nan neetł'yaa gihę̨ękhìl eenjit khehłan nineegiidàl. Zhat ginkhii Albert Tritt chụụ yats'an ełts'ą̀įį John daga'at Jean hàa giyàa niin'oo. Meeting ehdàa tr'igiinjìk ts'à' t'ee nihk'yàa dinjii datthak neehòojil. Diikhwan t'ee oonjì' Khiinjik gwits'èerahòojil. Izhìk t'ee John diineenjit làraa bank nànaazhik ginyaa. Gwats'à' hee oondee Vashrą̀įį K'ǫǫ gwits'èerahòojil. Aii t'ee datthak nìhteerinjil ts'à' airplane hàa tr'injaa, tr'iinin gook'eiichì' hàa Vashrą̀įį K'ǫǫ gwits'èerahòojil. Dinjii nąįį aii łąįį hàa neegiheedàa t'igii'in. It'ee khehłan nìneeriijil ts'à' t'ee geech'ǫ̂ąałtan. Gwitł'ee khaiits'à' chan Khiinjik gwits'èe riheedàa t'igwii'in zhyą̀ą łihk'ee rihiinjik gwizhrįį t'igwii'in.

At that time my uncles were still living. We arrived at *Vinihtqjj* and they gathered around our toboggan. Then pleading I asked, "I wonder if this baby is still alive." This was in front of Henry John's house. They immediately told John Fredson and they took me along with her to their house. John was like a white man; he gave orders to his wife Jean and she took care of us accordingly. The baby was limp with exhaustion. Just a little ways more and she would have died, John said of her.

They were meeting there to draw up boundaries for the reservation. Preacher Albert Tritt baptized the child right there, and John and his wife Jean stood beside her as Godparents. They finished the meeting and all the people went their separate ways. We too went back up to *Khiinjik*. At the time they said John was putting money in the bank for them. We went first to Arctic Village on the way back. You see, we all went together. The women, the children and all their belongings went in an airplane to Arctic Village. The men were going to go back with dogs. As we were all in one place, I taught school. The next fall we would move back to *Khiinjik*; we just kept moving back and forth.

CHAPTER 9

East Fork Gwinjik Tsìn T'igwiizhik

1947 June gwiizhik Gwichyaa Zhee geech'ǫąąhtan dęhtł'yaa school books karoojyàa gwinyaa. East Fork gwinjik tr'igwich'ǫ̨ àkwat gwinjik gwizhrǫ̨ tr'iheedàa gòo'ąǫ̨. Aii gwinjik t'ee Vashrąǫ̨ K'ǫǫ gòo'ąǫ̨. It'ee zhree ch'adhàh tr'ihchoo gahtsìi, ch'adhàh daach'yaa vànaldàii kwaa. It'ee giyìłtsąǫ̨ ts'à' t'ee zhree Kias Peter, Michael Simon, Steven Peter, shǫ̨ ts'à' shigii Jean, Adeline ts'à' Julia Loola nąǫ̨ hàa nihts'èerinjil.

Aii Julia łyą̨ą shaaghan nilǫ̨. Oodì' gwinjik chǫǫ ìizǫǫ gwinyaa ts'à' diihàa hahaii gitr'igwii'èe googàa Gwichyaa Zhee gwits'èehooshizhì' yindhan. Jean aii three years and four months old nilǫ̨. Adeline aii eight months old nilǫ̨.

Oodì' chǫǫ ìizǫǫ gàgahnyaa datthak gwìnzǫ̨ gwideetàa tr'ahaajil.

Vinìhtąǫ̨ gehdàk six miles izhìk dąǫ̨ chǫǫ gwànlǫ̨ gwiizhik t'igwii'in àkwat zhyą̨ą van choo kak tr'ihchoo alaa k'ìt t'ôonch'yaa. Khan hee drindàhàhdlaii łìi Steven nigwiił'in gàa zhree ch'adai' hee. Oodìt zhat gwirǐ iłk'ee k'ìt t'igwiizhik. T'aa choo teiin'ee khàneekak łii aii ghàih tr'ihchoo naanąǫ̨. Tr'iinin tsal nèekwąǫ̨ nąǫ̨ shintl'èegaadii ts'àa teehalgal gàa gitr'iih'èe.

Gwiizhik Kias, Michael hàa aii t'aa choo vàihnyaa kak gogwą̀htsit ts'à' teegihiltlee akhai' ch'ìhłee oozhee vehłì' zhak naa'ai' ch'adhah tr'ihchoo dachàn ahtsit łìi, gàa vijyàa neeyą̀htsit.

CHAPTER 9

East Fork River Accident

During June of 1947 we were talking about going to Fort Yukon for school books. We were living on the East Fork, so it was the only way we could go. Arctic Village is on that branch of the river. And so they made a skin boat; I don't remember how many skins it took. They made it, and Kias Peter, Michael Simon, Steven Peter, myself and my children—Jean and Adeline—and Julia Loola all got in.

Julia was a very old lady. We heard that the water was bad on the way down and we didn't want her to go with us, but she was determined to move back to Fort Yukon. Jean was three years and four months old, and Adeline was eight months old.

We successfully passed all the places on the river that people said were bad.

About six miles above Venetie the water was high; it was as if our boat was on a big lake. Suddenly there was a rapids, you see, but Steven saw them too late. We floated down as if we were shot out of a gun. There was a big cottonwood sticking out into the river, going up and down, and there the boat stuck. I had the two little children sitting on my lap; I could easily have jumped out, but because of that I didn't want to.

Meanwhile, Kias and Michael grabbed hold of the cottonwood and jumped out on it; one of them caught the bottom of his pants leg on the boat frame, but his friend caught him.

Àkwàt tr'iinin nąįį deezhik gàa gàashandàii kwaa, chųų nìnk'oo ts'à' gàatr'ashandàii gwìch'in. Gohch'it zhree chųų zhìt tr'ineeshadhat k'ìt t'ishizhik aii googàa K'eegwaadhat tr'ookìt vinìnjidooldhaii. Shigii aii nąįį goonaldàii kwaa. Aiits'à' t'iihthàn, "Jùk gwats'an gwihihdàii kwaa jì' K'eegwaadhat nizheh nihdèeshąąhchìi jì'," yiihthan. Oozhee chųų zhìt hee jyàa diihthan. Chan hee neenòoshichii k'ìt t'ishizhik. Tł'ee chan hee tr'ineeshadhat k'ìt t'ôonch'yaa izhìk t'ee chan t'iihthàn, "Hey! Save hihłyàa jì' gwiizhik dihch'yaa? Neehaa'òl nąįį digigìn dagakwąį' hàa neegahaazhik àkwat jyàa dooshi'yà' deihch'yaa chan," yiihthan. Ts'à' t'ee zhree gwik'ìt t'ishi'in.

Ninghìt gwats'an sharoozhrii gwîihtth'ak akhai' t'ee aii Steven dzàa vavat vijackèt oiht'à' łii aii vats'an teekak niteeshaatrii t'inyaa łii. Khan hee k'iidàk nìdhiikhin akhai' tr'iinin ch'ìhłak zhręę ont'à'. It'ee oondàa neehihdyaa yiihthan eenjit oaałkat. "Tr'iinin ch'ìhłak daajii?" vàihnyaa. Hiiłtin kwaa ts'à' oozhàk chųų zhìt neehîiljik ts'à' Adeline khąhchii. Gwinzįį nał'ìn akhai' łyąą gòhłii t'inch'yaa kwaa tth'aii hee ts'àt dril vanôonjik. Izhik at'oohjù' hee shigii nąįį analjik.

Nihk'yàa gwàał'in zhìk diineegòo'ee datthak łąą chųų, oondàa gwatł'an hee t'ôonch'yaa łii. Kias Michael hàa oondòk njee gaagal oondàa diigaah'in. Aii chųų zhìt niriilzhii dìhnyaa diitł'an chųų naa'ài' t'iihnyaa. Yeedìt fifty feet chan needąąjaa gwachoo gòo'ąįį.

Izhìk k'iidì' teekak datthak dìikèiichi' teeyeelyaa. Dzan dhàh it'eezhrii diilàraa aii gàa datthak. Jùk dinjii jyàa vàa digwìizhik jì' relieve choo hee ooheendal gàa izhìk dąįį' jyàa digii'in kwaa. Oodì' han gwinjik gwàał'in akhai' shaaghan Julia teeyahchyaa nał'in.

It'ee zhree Steven, Kias, Michael nąįį ts'à' azhràl chųų gwànlįį ts'à' chųų deegwaahtsąįį'. "Dachan ninjyàa ǫhjìi hàa diits'à' hoh'òo," gavàhnyaa, nijùk ts'ąįį diits'à' gihee'àl datthak jyàa gavàhnyaa. It'ee dachan ninjyàa gòonjìk ts'à' it'ee

You see, I didn't even know what had happened to the children, the cold water must have made me black out. Finally it was as if I awoke in the water and even then my first thought was of the Creator. I didn't remember my children. And then I thought, "If I am not to live from this moment on, Lord, it is my desire to be admitted into Your house." I thought this while I was under the water. Again it was as if I went to sleep. After that it was as if I woke up again. On this occasion I thought, " Hey! If I am to be saved I can't remain in this stupor! Those who swim use their arms and feet so why don't I do that?" And I started doing that right away!

Then I heard someone call my name from a long way off. It turned out to be Steven. I had a firm hold of his jacket at the waist, as it were, and was swaying in the current. I pulled myself up in a hurry and then I saw he was holding only one child. Now with the full intention of going back into the water, I asked him, "Where is the other child?" He said nothing as he reached down into the water and pulled out Adeline. I looked at her well but there was nothing wrong with her, she was still wrapped in a thin blanket. Finally there at that moment I remembered my children.

I looked around and there was water all around us. We were in the middle of the river. Kias and Michael were running helplessly along the shore watching us. We were in water up to our waists. About fifty feet downstream was a big whirlpool.

All our belongings were floating away in the current. Muskrat skins were the only money we had, all of that too. If this happened to people now they would get a big relief check, but at the time no one did that. As I was looking downriver, I saw old lady Julia floating away in the current.

Now then, Steven shouted to Kias and Michael above the roar of the water, "Get a long pole and come to us with it." That's what he told them. He even told them which way to get to us. So they got a long pole and waded into the water. There

teegiin'oo. Zhat chųų lęįį ts'à' chųų nint'aii aii dachan veihnyaa aii gwinzįį giik'ìighai' gwideetaa gahaa'òo. Diits'à' hundred fifty feet gwànlįį dǫhłìi. It'ee diighàih nìgiin'òo ts'à' t'ee gavàa neerihòojil. Michael aii tr'iinin ch'ìhłak aghwaa. Datthak aii dachan vàihnyaa teegwarąhtà' shįį aii gootł'an ihshyaa. One hundred ten pound zhrįį ihłįį àkwat aii chųų nint'aii izhìk shakwài' teeyihîiłnąįį gàa goihtr'àt.

Oondee teeraajil gwintł'òo tr'idluu tr'iinin nąįį hàa diizhìt gwidiinyaa. Tohtł'an gwà'an t'igwii'in. Kias, Michael hàa oondàa gaha'òo dąį' kǫ' oo'àn gihîiłnąįį łìi aii neegąhtsit ts'à' zhat geeghaii dineenjit gwigwiiłk'in. Googàa zhaknee'aa t'ôonch'yaa àkwat łyą̂ą gwiînk'oo. Aii ts'at dril chan neegingǫǫ ts'à' neegiyąąhkìk.

Gwiizhik Steven aii zhat diinehdòk chan slough gòo'ąįį izhìk neekyaatsit. Julia aii oodìt k'iidì' gwiizųų k'ìt t'ôonch'yaa izhìk gwats'à' teeyahchyàa aii eenjit t'ii'in. Oodìt zhat k'iidì' chųų kak dhidii oondàa yùunjìk ts'à' teeyiłchii zhat ch'aghàt choo dha'ąįį t'ih niyąąhchii. Gwiizhik chan ahtr'aii. Izhìk gwats'an k'iidì' tł'eedik k'ìgwàanąįį gwizhrįį tr'ąąh'yà'. Tr'idluu gwiizhik chan chireendak gwiizhik nàragol'in.

Gohch'it dèe oodįį yeendǫ̀hts'ąįį k'iidįį tr'ih kak shree haadhàk tr'agwaah'in two o'clock vành gwiizhik. Yeedìt shaaghan tr'ookìt ts'à' neegiinkwąįį aii oodii neegąąhchii. Aii juu t'ii'in gànaldàii kwaa Abraham Christian t'ii'in gwìch'in. Yeendǫ̀hts'aii gwats'à' tr'ih tsal hàa neediiginlii. Aii Julia aii han k'iidì' yineehìłkwaii aii dinjii diits'ìnyaa aii. Diikhwan aii Vinìhtąįį gwats'à' tł'eedik dì' tr'ahàajil. Julia aii vidzìi chųų intł'it łii ts'à' gwintł'òo iłts'ik.

Gwiizhik shįį chan noihkhit yiihthan gwiizhik gwihdàii ts'à' oodee gwizhrii shàgwandàii dàa'ąįį. Shin datthak September gwats'à' jyàa diich'yà'.

It'ee Vinìhtąii k'eeriidàl ts'à' Henry John vizheh gich'iridiintin izhìk Julia vak'ǎałtii.

was deep water there and a strong current, and the pole they were carrying helped them cross. It was probably 150 feet to us. They came to us and we started back with them. Michael was carrying one of the children on his back. We were all holding onto the pole and I was in the middle. I weighed only 110 pounds, and the swift water swept me off my feet, but I held on.

Once on shore we were all so cold! The children and I were shivering. It was around midnight then. When Kias and Michael started off to get us, they had thrown their matches on the beach. And now they grabbed them up and lit a fire for us. Even so, the sun was under the horizon and therefore it was really cold. They wrung out that thin blanket and were drying it.

Meanwhile, Steven quickly swam across the slough behind us. He was doing this for Julia who was floating down to a bad place below. As she sat there in the water he grabbed her. And then he brought her ashore and placed her behind a large uprooted tree. Meanwhile, it was also windy. From there we saw him disappear along the bank. Shivering and exhausted, we waited.

Finally, around two o'clock in the morning, we saw the reflection of the sun on a canoe on the other side of the river. They canoed across to the old lady first and brought her to where we were. I don't remember who it was; I think it was Abraham Christian. They took us across with the canoe. The man who was helping us took Julia downriver in the canoe. As for us, we walked down to Venetie along the shore. Water had gotten into Julia's ear and she was very sick.

Meanwhile I wanted only to die, yet I lived and my life-force was laid bare (in a precarious state) up there. I was like that all summer long until September.

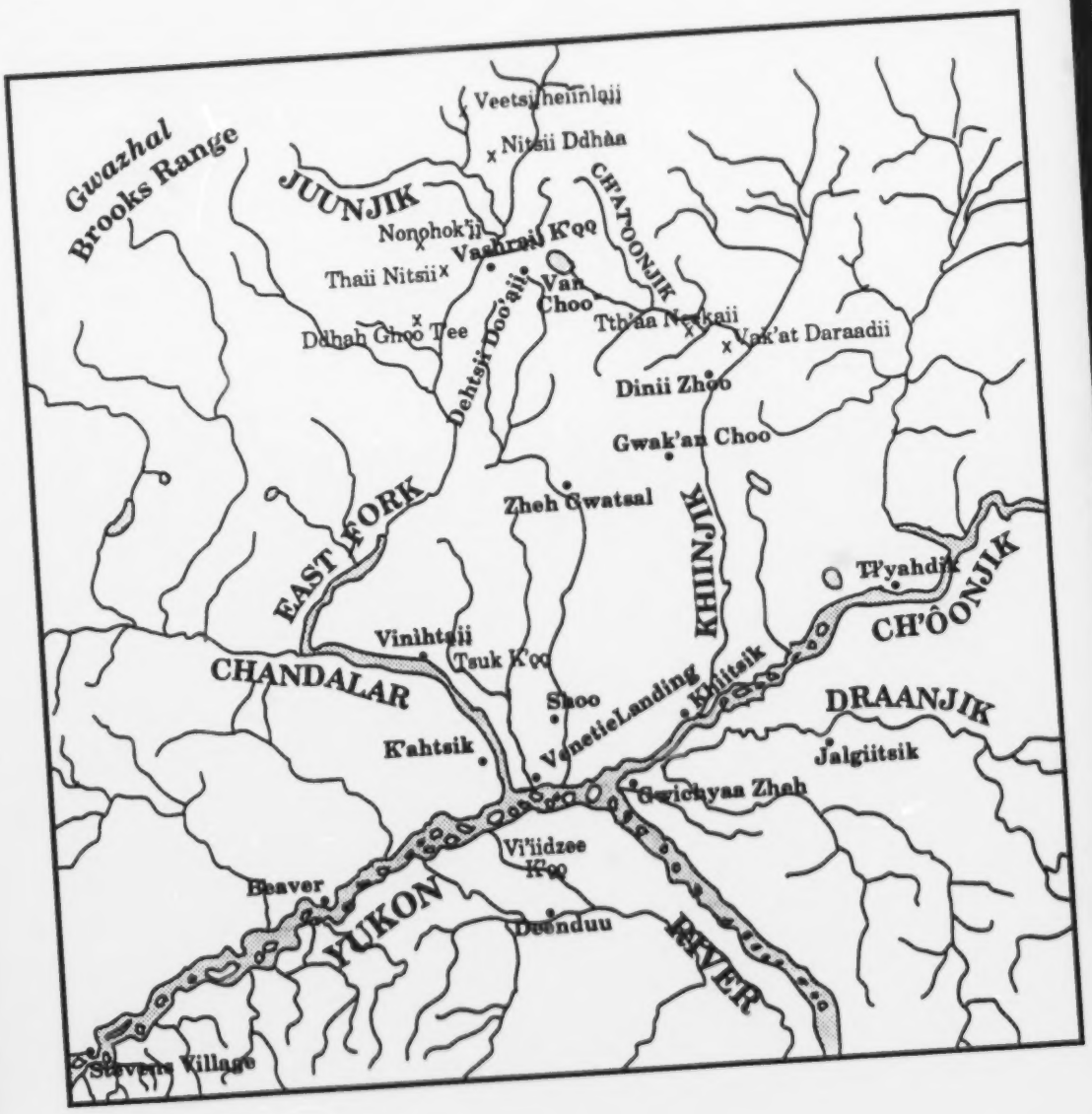
We arrived at Venetie and opened up Henry John's place, and there I took care of Julia.

Aii dinjii diits'iinyà' vàihnyaa aii Tsuk K'ǫǫ gwats'an k'eiich'ii kanidii t'ii'in łii. Izhìk diihàa gwaandak; "It'ee neehihdyaa gàa chan lidii neehâaltsyàa yiihthan ts'à' lidii naaltsii gwiizhik dinjii goonyaa kwaa zhyaa shats'à' ganleeraanąįį," nyaa. "Deegwinyaa t'igwinyaa gàashandàii kwaa akhai' Steven t'inyaa łii." nyaa. Aii hàa chan neehòozhii gàa, "Venètie landing gwats'à' hihkwaa." nyaa aii ookìt Yukon River gòo'aii t'agwahnyaa. Izhìk t'ee David Henry dizhehk'aa hàa gwigwich'įį łìi izhìk k'eekok. Gwichyaa Zheh tr'ihchoo keehàazhii t'ii'in Julia gwintł'òo iłtsik ts'à'. Zhat landing k'eekok gwintł'òo cheendak ts'à' naachįį gwiizhik shavàa zhìt tr'ihchoo dǒiik'ii nyaa. Khakidoolnąįį oondàa gwâał'in akhai' yeedįį ts'aii tr'ihchoo daadhàl nyaa akhai' Beaver gwats'an Howard yàhnyaa gwìch'in. Ts'à' t'ee flag down givìłtsàii łii ts'à' t'ee gavàa hàazhii łii. Oonjìt Gwichyaa Zheh k'eegiidàl ts'à' t'ee tr'ihchoo yàahahłaa kantii łii akhài' Tommy John aii oonjik łii ts'à' t'ee chan diits'à' tr'ihchoo neegihìłłit.

Gwichyaa Zheh gwich'in nąįį gwintł'òo shook up gaadlìt łii, gàa chan datthak tr'àgwandàii shòo gaadlìt łii. Tommy Gwichyaa Zheh k'eeneediinaazhik ts'à' t'ee Julia hospital nagąąhchįį.

I mentioned a man who helped us before, as it turned out he was on his way from *Tsuk K'ǫǫ* to get some more stuff. He was telling us about that time: "I was about to leave when I decided to make some more tea. And while I was making myself tea I was not expecting anyone, but someone was knocking at the door. I had no idea what this could possibly mean, but it turned out to be Steven," he said. He left with him then, but said, "I'm canoeing to Venetie Landing." That's on the Yukon River. David Henry and his family were living there and he canoed there to them. He was heading to Fort Yukon to get a boat because Julia was pretty sick. When he had canoed to the landing, he was very tired and went to sleep, and in his sleep, he said, he heard a boat. "I woke up like a flash and looked out (across the water), and sure enough there was a boat motoring up the other shore." I think he said it was Howard from Beaver. He apparently flagged them down and went with them. When they arrived at Fort Yukon he looked for someone to take him back in a boat, and then he found Tommy John and they came back to us in a boat.

The people of Fort Yukon apparently were all shook up, but then we all lived and they were overjoyed. Tommy brought us back to Fort Yukon and they admitted Julia to the hospital.


Gwazhal Brooks Range
JUUNJIK
Veetsiheiinlaii
Nitsii Ddhaa
Nonohok'ii
Vashraii K'oo
CHATOONJIK
Thaii Nitsii
Van Choo
Ddhah Ghoo Tee
Dehtsii Doo'aii
Tth'an Nekaii
Vak'at Daraadii
Dinii Zhoo
Gwak'an Choo
Zheh Gwatsal
EAST FORK
KHIINJIK
Tl'yahdik
CH'ÔONJIK
Vinihtaii
Tsuk K'oo
CHANDALAR
Shoo
VanetieLanding
Khiitsik
DRAANJIK
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Jalgiitsik
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